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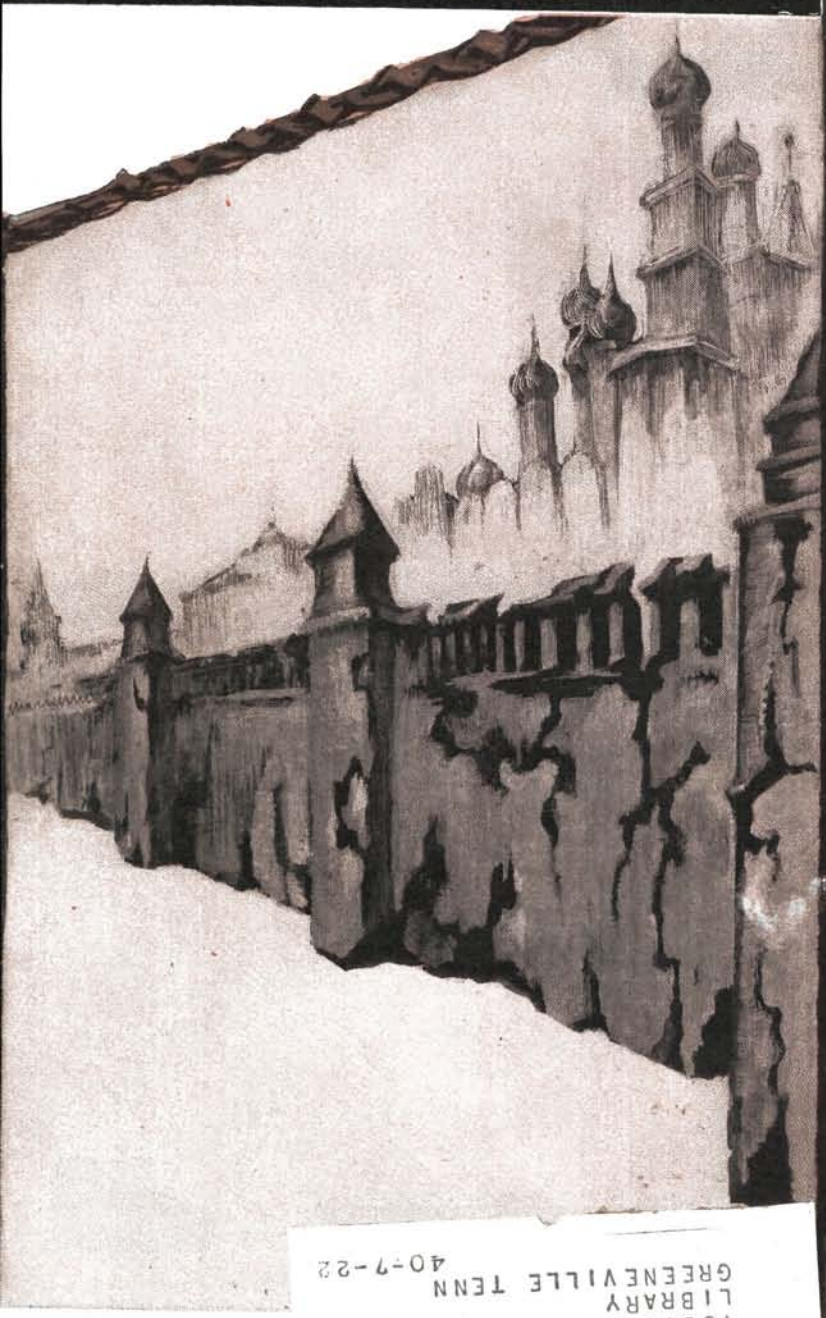

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Kremlin Wall." *(See page 8)*

Nine-Tenths Drudgery, One-Tenth Pure Rapture . . . Thurston Macauley

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In New York the price war in books waged by a handful of department stores showed signs of petering out, to the relief of retail booksellers in the entire metropolitan area. One amusing sidelight on the "war" was

picked up by a Macmillan salesman, who caught one of the ringleaders in the price-slashing selling Walter Macken's "Rain on the Wind" for $3.29. "This isn't precisely a bargain," he pointed out to the buyer. "It's a $3.00 book." "I'll be darned," said the buyer. "We've been doing very well with it at $3.29!" He marked it down to $2.29, at which price sales promptly dropped away 50 per cent.

● ● In New York Burton Rascoe, with Lord only knows what end in view, rose to declaim, "I offer it as my esthetic opinion that George Jean Nathan is incredibly young-looking for his 69 years, and that he is handsomer than Ronald Colman, whom he somewhat resembles." He's also more agile than Gerry Coleman, Burton, and he gets to first base just as often.

● ● In London *The Reader's News* ran a map with the caption "The World's Most Virgin Territory," leading O. P. to sigh, "Ah, this relativity."

● ● In Chicago Nelson Algren tired of the seedy Division Street district that served as the background for his "Man with the Golden Arm" and moved himself and family to a house in Gary, Indiana, "on the shores of a lagoon, and boasting one rowboat and two muskrats."

● ● In Monsey, New York, George S. Hellman came across this paragraph in a letter from Benjamin Disraeli to his sister Sarah, dated April 16, 1851: "The literary market is very bad. Shilling romances and other books as cheap, and all good, for many of them are translations from the best French writers, have quite knocked up the good old profession, which once permitted a fair profit to publisher and scribe." Sound familiar?

● ● In Butler, Alabama, T. C. Elliott received Henry Commager's two-volume "The Blue and the Gray" as a gift from his wife, read volume one with avid interest, but refused even to open volume two. "Not for me," he sighed. "In volume two we're gonna get the Hell beat outa us."

● ● In Hollywood Warner Brothers' Leo Guild received a telephoned request for a free seat to the press showing of "A Streetcar Named Desire." "What paper are you with?" asked Guild. "None," was the answer. "I'm a motorman." Also in Hollywood the Twentieth Century-Fox publicists announce, with perfectly straight faces, that they are searching for "living descendants of King David and his consort Bathsheba," employing as basic guides "the Bible, the evidence of Ptolemy, and Theon of Alexandria, and the genealogical works of centuries." Maybe Mike Romanoff can produce proper credentials!

● ● In Chicago an irate editor denied that *Quick Magazine* had contracted to digest the entire "Encyclopaedia Britannica" in half a page.

● ● In Providence a religious book store advertised, "Satan shudders when he sees Bibles sold at low prices like ours."

● ● In San Francisco tourists who unwittingly refer to the metropolis as "Frisco" are often tossed right into the Golden Gate. Procter and Gamble ran afoul of this civic pride when they introduced a new singing commercial over the airwaves that began, "They're cooking with Crisco from New York to Frisco." One look at their mail from California and they changed it to, "They're cooking with Crisco from Maine to San Francisco." The major damage was repaired, but *Fortnight Magazine* reports that some still-ruffled citizens persist in using old-fashioned unsung animal fat.

● ● In Wall Street my friend John Straley's been having trouble with a bibliophile who "cuts his liquor so much he ought to use Band-aid for a label." As for his apartment, adds John, the walls are so thin that one night when he pulled down his Murphy bed his next-door neighbor was in it.

● ● In Princeton at the McCarter Theatre Dutton's Emma Wilcox took time out from editorial chores to recreate her original role of the wife of Trader Joe Horn in a revival of "Rain." The new company will tour the summer circuit, with Lawrence Tibbett starring as the Rev. Davidson, and should add to Miss Wilcox's store of salty anecdotes of the days when, first, Jeanne Eagles and, later, Tallulah Bankhead and Sally Rand played the part of Sadie Thompson.

● ● In London *The Bookseller,* still seeking to resolve the endless tug of war between "lowbrows" and "highbrows," recalls a comment of Virginia Woolf: "The true battle in my opinion lies not between highbrow and lowbrow, but between the two joined together in loyal brotherhood against the bloodless and pernicious pest who comes between." Samuel Marchbanks added, "It must be very dull, anyhow, to have one's brow stuck at a particular point; I am glad mine is able to expand and contract."

● ● In Bellingham, Washington, the Public Library has taken what looks like extraordinary precautions to keep itself incommunicado by telephone. In the local directory, reports Harry Bauer, it is listed under neither "B" for Bellingham, "P" for public, nor "L" for library. A persistent booklover finally found it under "T" for "the library."

● ● In Los Angeles Clare Boothe Luce told a famous star she was writing a new screenplay called "Pilate's Wife." The star thought Miss Luce had missed the bus, opining, "The public is fed up with airplane pictures."

● ● In Seattle a librarian at the University of Washington withdrew a battered old anthology from a case and exclaimed, "Here is something choice indeed. It is a rare book." His visitor demanded, "When you say a book is rare what do you have in mind?" The librarian said, "Well, you've heard of

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rare steak, haven't you?" The visitor brightened, and exclaimed, "Of course. You mean it was not well done." "Exactly," said the librarian. "Neither was the anthology."

● ● In San Diego H. Raphael Stern completed a three-day journey from New York wherein a young lady in the compartment opposite devoted her entire time to religious perusal of one disintegrating issue of the New York

Daily Mirror. A friend met her in San Diego and in Stern's hearing asked, "How did you spend your three days enroute?" The lover of literature replied simply, "I read Tuesday's newspaper."

● ● In London a dog—a black and white spaniel named Basil, to be precise—is listed as a director of an English publishing firm. Nor does Oliver Moxon, head of the firm to which he belongs, attach undue significance to the situation. "When we were forming the company we found ourselves short one director," he explains in a matter-of-fact way, "so we put Basil on the board. His conduct has been exemplary." Mr. Moxon permits himself one pleasantry. "You might say," he supposes, "that Basil's main function is biting our creditors."

● ● In the Canadian Rockies Adam Burger, Harper's inimitable sales-manager, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with the firm with the first honest-to-goodness vacation he's had in years. Under ordinary circumstances Adam would travel twelve miles to fill a requirement for one copy of a 25¢ reprint, but he admitted to *Publishers' Weekly* that one order he failed to fill altogether. On a visit to the literary mecca of York, Pennsylvania, in 1910 or thereabouts Adam had some time to spare and impulsively turned loose his oratory on an unsuspecting hardware merchant. The merchant, bedazzled and engulfed, wrote out a firm order for one dozen books. Adam rejoiced in his hypnotic powers, but on second thought never turned the order in to his then-boss, the late Henry Hoyns. "If Henry had seen it," reasoned Burger, "he'd have made me call on every other hardware store in Pennsylvania."

—Bennett Cerf.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Nine-Tenths Drudgery, One-Tenth Pure Rapture

THURSTON MACAULEY

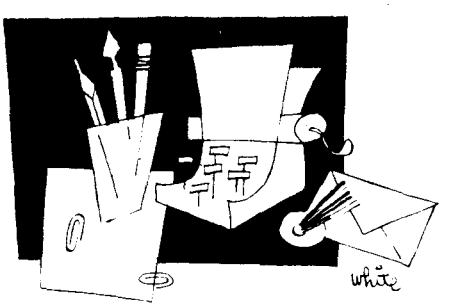
ONCE MORE our schools of journalism are sending young hopefuls of both sexes out to make their way in the newspaper world. It is a great world, which might be summed up as nine-tenths drudgery and one-tenth pure rapture. Stanley Walker, one of our crack city editors, called it "part seminary, part abattoir." I personally would not trade it for anything else on earth and I am sure newspapermen the world over will agree.

Why do we go in for journalism? Few of us can expect to get rich in the process or even to become as substantial a citizen as the average businessman or stockbroker; though to be sure the Newspaper Guild has done much to better the lot of Grub Street scribes since I was an $18-a-week cub on the *Yonkers* (N. Y.) *Statesman* back in 1922. (I still have my first press card of that year, a good thick blue one signed by my first city editor, Frank E. Landau. Where are you now, Frank, you who gave me my first encouragement and helped to make a newspaperman of me?) Alexander Woollcott once said: "I can't tell you how much I enjoy my newspaper work. It will never bring me any money but I love it and that's enough." Actually Woollcott didn't fare so badly.

What, then, is the lure of the calling? For many newspapermen it is just that—a calling, and, no irreverence intended, a kind of priesthood. Indeed, it can be a glorious crusade both for the newspaper itself and the men and women on its staff, as a glance at the Pulitzer awards will show. This is as true of a *Podunk Journal* as of a metropolitan daily. According to the late William Allen White of Kansas, an editor "must be something of a preacher, something of a teacher, something of an autocrat. He must take a 'side' in everything. Nothing fails so rapidly as a cowardly paper, unless it is a paper that confuses courage with noise."

Mr. White also maintained it is a lot better to run a paper in a country town than in a big city. Be that as it may, I am all for newspapermen at least starting on a small-town paper or a suburban one, as I did. You get a far wider variety of experience at the outset on the Main Streets than on the Park Rows. What with covering City Hall, a police beat, a fire, a murder, weekly Rotary lunches, sports, batting out obits, and filling in on the copy desk, the neophyte will soon find the kind of journalism he is best fitted for.

This is an age of specialization in newspaper work as in other fields. One man may find his proper niche in the sports department, another in politics, a third in labor, and so on. The sooner a newspaperman learns whether he wants to be a Winchell or a Woollcott the better for him. Or perhaps he may discover he is not cut out for the business at all and switch to publicity or Hollywood, forever after mouthing that time-worn cliché about once having been a newspaperman himself. Your real newspaperman may have temporary lapses but he always comes back, sooner or later.



Let there be no mistake about the drudgery in newspaper work. It's not all Richard Harding Davis by any means. The drudgery is in listening to innumerable hour-long speeches by minor stuffed shirts, in hanging around a police station, or doing the overnight shift in a news agency. But it is more than compensated for by the thrill and excitement, rare though it be, of having a real story to write, with all stops out, and a city editor yanking each fresh take from the typewriter.

THE NEWSPAPERMAN has a sense of being something of an historian, indeed of actually seeing history in the making, say at a White House press conference, a United Nations session, a meeting of Parliament. The press card is the open sesame, the ticket for a front-row seat to the fabulous and frequently frightening world drama. Thackeray wrote (in "Pendennis") of the Fourth Estate: "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her courtiers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous."

A newspaperman in the free world has grave responsibilities. He is the confidant of statesmen and of stooges and very rarely does he violate their trust. Often he knows in advance of

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some epoch-making event; he is given highly confidential information off the record and will keep it even from his wife until it can be published. As Jefferson has said, "Where the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe." That, sadly, is not the case in the Iron Curtain countries—and even in our own hemisphere.

The days of the itinerant journalist are not entirely dead. A newspaperman may still go where the spirit moves him, if he is so determined. Once when on a New York paper I wanted to work abroad. I took a leave of absence and meanwhile arranged to rejoin the old *Paris Herald,* on which I had worked for a time before. However, I never reached Paris at all. Arriving in London I found a man needed in the bureau of my New York paper and I was taken on. Despite a curt reprimand by the managing editor ("But don't do it in this way again") I stayed there some eight years.

It is a good experience for a newspaperman to work for a while in another land. Surely one of the most important functions of a foreign correspondent is to help different peoples understand each other. And once back home the ex-foreign correspondent can aid in interpreting and analyzing events abroad in the light of his own first-hand acquaintance with the swiftly changing world scene. Edwin L. James of *The New York Times* is an excellent case in point. Our State Department and ECA are doing a fine thing in bringing groups of European journalists—publishers, editors, and reporters—over to visit us, to learn our ways and techniques. As a nation we have not always had too fair a deal in the world press, but we may look forward to better treatment. "Understanding among editors and so among peoples" and "the free exchange of accurate and balanced news among nations" are two of the aims of the International Press Institute to be set up at Geneva, thanks to grants by the Rockefeller and Ford foundations.

WE AMERICANS are probably as much like Britons as are the people of any two nations, yet we differ incredibly in so many ways. Even in the profession of journalism itself a glossary is needed to bridge the Atlantic gulf. Every literate American knows a city editor of a newspaper is the man who assigns the stories to his staff, by tradition a Simon Legree but in reality rarely. (For the Simon Legree school, see what Irvin S. Cobb has to say, in "Exit Laughing," about the legendary Charley Chapin of the New York *Evening World,* that "tremendously competent, sometimes an almost inspired tyrant" who ended his days in Sing Sing after killing his wife.) In Britain a city editor is solely concerned with business news, the term being derived from "The City," the financial section of London. Over here copy readers are the men that sit on the outer rim of the copy desk and mercilessly, so it seems, butcher our masterpieces of the day. In Fleet Street lingo they are "sub editors."

Robert J. Casey—"of the heroic age."

Winston Churchill—"the highest paid."

—*Acme.*

Ernie Pyle—"an entirely new note."

During those first years in London our office was in the building of *The Times,* whose address fittingly is Printing House Square. The *Stars and Stripes,* the Army paper, was brought out there during the last war; Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney tell some amusing tales of those days in "The Story of the Stars and Stripes." When I left London I even had a short spell of working for *The Times,* as its first —and, I believe, last—correspondent in Hollywood. My arrival in the film capital was recorded by *Daily Variety* under the head: "The Thunderer's Pride Humbled; Goes H'wood—." Meanwhile back in London my first dispatch was accompanied by a fourth leader—editorial to you—on H'wood.

One of the things I like best about *The Times* is its fourth leader. The fourth, and last, of the day's editorials is a national institution, wise, witty, and erudite and apt to be on any subject under the sun. Just the other day I found a *Times* fourth leader headed "Unfair to Journalists" and read it with more than usual interest. It began: "It is a matter for reasonable doubt whether politicians think worse of journalists or journalists of politicians." It went on to say that many a poor, working journalist "must have been wondering just how he came to sink so low in the estimation of public men." The answer, according to the leader writer, "must be found not in life but in literature."

The editorial quoted Meredith's description of a nineteeth-century journalist, Timothy Turbot: "a fair example of the type. He was a middle-sized round man, with loose lips and pendant indigo jowl, whose eyes twinkled watery, like pebbles under shore-wash, and whose neckband needed an extra touch from fingers other than his own." Meredith, the leader writer continued, said Mr. Turbot would have gone farther than the editorship of a country newspaper had he not "worshipped the nymph Whisky." Here, certainly, was a bond in common to link the craft of the two nations. I remember reading in "Such Interesting People" by Robert J. Casey—there's a newspaperman of the heroic age for you, and one whose memoirs are superb reading—that a Sydney, Aus-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Russia. *There is no slackening in the efforts of journalists and scholars to help Westerners penetrate the Iron Curtain. Edward Crankshaw, able British journalist, has drawn upon two extended stays in Russia to write an informative, provocative, and on the whole optimistic study, "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall." Michael T. Florinsky, an American scholar who back in 1939 issued a concise handbook "On Understanding the USSR," has brought it up to date to aid a public larger and more interested than ever. Most of the mystery once enshrouding the eagerness of Communist "traitors" to confess their "sins" in court has been dissipated by such books as Beck's and Goodin's "Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession" {SRL, May 26} and now Z. Stypulkowski's "Invitation to Moscow." But if man without man's past is meaningless, so is the USSR. B. V. Varneke's "History of the Russian Theatre" and Ivan Bunin's "Memories and Portraits" illuminate the Soviets' cultural heritage.*

Confusions Behind the Curtain

CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL. By Edward Crankshaw. New York: Viking Press. 279 pp. $3.50.

By MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY

MR. CRANKSHAW was attached to the British Military Mission to Moscow in 1941-43 and visited the Soviet Union again in 1947. Upon the basis of these experiences and on subsequent study from afar he here attempts to analyze the international position of the USSR and the probable course of Stalin's foreign policy at this crucial juncture of world affairs. The result is a thoughtful, provocative, and highly readable book.

Mr. Crankshaw believes that "Soviet foreign policy has been very much a reflection of the domestic situation." His investigation covers, with a varying degree of thoroughness, a wide range of topics from Russia's historic tradition and the internal situation in the USSR to the complex international moves that led to the drawing of the Iron Curtain around the Soviet Union and the satellite countries and to "war by proxy" in Korea.

The author has few illusions about the nature and methods of the Soviet dictatorship, which, as he rightly emphasizes, owes its most repulsive characteristics not to Stalin but to Lenin. Leninism, he writes, "brought about the October Revolution; raised the Bolsheviks to absolute power over one-sixth of all the land of the world; enabled them to strike down their enemies and consolidate their regime; extended Moscow's effective dominion far beyond the borders of the Soviet Union; and heavily embarrassed the efforts of the Western powers ('the enemy,' by Soviet definition) to save what was left of Europe from the ruin of war. In Asia they are triumphing and making increasingly untenable the Far Eastern interests of England, France, and Holland . . . How can they possibly fail to believe in the formula which has brought them all this? The fact that it has completely failed to achieve the one thing it was originally intended to achieve—namely, a decent life for the people of Russia—counts for nothing in the balance."

Mr. Crankshaw produces an impressive catalogue of elements of weakness in the internal situation of Russia: technical backwardness, starvation standards of living, prevalence of penal labor, weariness with the war, and much latent discontent and disaffection which, he believes, extends to that pillar of the Soviet regime, the Communist Party. According to the author, "it may scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the gulf between the Party and the Kremlin is greater now than the gulf between the Party and the people." Moreover, he is not impressed by Russia's military might: "The Soviet standing army is anything but a formidable force."

As Crankshaw sees it, the international outlook from the Soviet standpoint is not encouraging. The defection of Tito, the "terrible and evil decision to cut off the Soviet Union and all the peoples in her sphere of influence finally and irrevocably from all help from the West and to strive with might and main to prevent the West from recovering its prosperity," and the vagaries of Soviet Far Eastern policy (the advent of the Communist regime in China, according to Crankshaw, may prove a source of grave embarrassment to Moscow), have greatly impaired the international position of the Kremlin. Those who maintain that the Soviet Union is "strong and prospering and fearless" are "deliberately lying for purposes of their own or for purposes of Stalin." The author voices his "deep conviction that there will not be a major war with Russia, at least in this generation," and that the Soviet Union will not achieve its international objectives provided the Western powers accept the sacrifices inevitable to keep themselves strong and, in their eagerness to fight Communism, do not succumb to the temptation of using totalitarian methods.

Speculations about the future, especially in an exceptionally fluid international situation, are hazardous and unrewarding. Nevertheless, Crankshaw's general conclusions would seem to be plausible and not unreasonable. Oddly, they are arrived at by methods which are open to serious criticism. Much of the earlier part of his volume is devoted to what may be called a psychoanalytical study of the Russian character. He ascribes to "the Russians" inhibitions and attitudes which set them apart from other nations and sees in Stalin's foreign policy a continuation of that of imperial Russia, an assertion that would not withstand the light of closer scrutiny. It was the fashion a few years ago to explain the confessions made by the accused at the Moscow trials by the unfathomable mysteries of the Russian soul. This once popular theory (Crankshaw makes no reference to it) is no longer tenable in the light of recent trials in "people's democracies." The explanation of confessions must clearly be sought not in the "national character" of the accused but in the methods of the Communist police. Other interpretations of conduct and policies

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in terms of "national character" are likely to prove equally disappointing. "The Soviet regime . . .," writes Crankshaw, "is essentially a Russian regime of a kind which is tolerable to Russians but, as far as can be seen, to no other people on earth." But what about Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Poland, Eastern Germany, *et al.*?

It is even more difficult to agree with Crankshaw when he states that Stalin is "no longer interested in Marxian theory" and that the policy of the Soviet Union is directed only towards "the survival and greater glory of the Soviet Union as the monstrous re-embodiment of the Czarist Empire of Great Russia." Whether Stalin's contributions to Communist theory are or are not Marxian is a debatable question. But it would seem to be unwise to ignore, as Crankshaw does, the obvious implications of Stalin's two doctrines—"Socialism in one country" and survival of the State under Communism (contrary to Lenin's thesis) so long as the capitalist environment continues to exist—as a major factor in Soviet international relations. These doctrines shed far more light on the foreign policy of the Kremlin than imaginative references to assumed peculiarities of "the Russians." It is not the question of a "master plan," which Crankshaw rightly deprecates, but of a policy directed to definite and clear-cut objectives.

Crankshaw describes his earlier volume, "Russia and the Russians," as an "impressionistic survey." This characterization also fits well "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall."

Michael T. Florinsky of the economics department of Columbia University is the author of "World Revolution and the USSR" and "Toward an Understanding of the USSR," a new edition of which is reviewed in the next column.

THE AUTHOR: A New Yorker recently returned from a long sojourn abroad expressed astonishment at finding an air-raid shelter installed in his own apartment building. "They don't even have them in Vienna, only two hours by air from Kiev!" he exclaimed in a tone of genuine incredulity. Most transatlantic travelers are similarly startled to find the much more exposed Europeans much less hysterical and fearful than we. For a prime example consider Edward Crankshaw, a typically calm Englishman who refuses to tremble at Soviet Russia's supposedly invincible might and who just can't accept Joseph Stalin as the acme of crafty, far-sighted intelligence. Crankshaw goes on more than intuition, for he has spent the better part of ten years observing and studying the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. His Russian orientation came quite by accident. Crankshaw's writing life began in the Thirties with miscellaneous reviewing chores, translations (from German), a book on Joseph Conrad, and two novels. By 1938 his interests had widened. "I found myself developing an overriding interest in the human destiny — the rise and fall of cultures, the image of human endeavor as a ceaseless attempt to clear a little ground from the barbarism of a hostile, or at least overpoweringly indifferent, universe." The result of this broadened outlook was "Vienna: The Image of a Culture in Decline" (1938), a gloomy prognosis that took Austria as a symbol of Europe. *Tempus fugit.* "Now that everybody else thinks it is all up with Europe," Crankshaw explains, "I find myself rejecting what I had formerly believed." Following the days of Munich he joined the British Army, found himself in the War Office, and in 1941 on a protracted mission to Moscow. "I made a deep and sustained attempt to get into the Russian skin" — mainly, he admits, to find out why the Russians did not loathe what seemed to him at first glance a detestable existence. "I succeeded so well that after eighteen months I had to pull myself up and almost forcibly substitute Jane Austen for Tolstoy." Returning to London in mid-1943 Crankshaw was so horrified by the prevailing hero-worship of the Russians that he wrote a small book, "Russia and Britain," to serve as mild antidote. After the war came "Russia and the Russians," in which he tried to give a more complete picture of the Russian reality. "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall" is an attempt to arrange the outcome of all his thinking about Russia. At forty-two and wedded to the pleasures of Kentish country life, Crankshaw plans no further books on the USSR. "After many false starts I have cleared the decks sufficiently to return to my first love; I am working hard at a novel." —R. G.

The Soviet System

TOWARDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE USSR. By Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 223 pp. $3.

By Harry Schwartz

WHEN THE FIRST edition of this volume appeared twelve years ago general understanding of the true nature of the Soviet system was far less accurate than today. The notion that the USSR was a major social and economic experiment offering great hope for the future was widespread. Influential writers and scholars, such as the Webbs, wrote about "Soviet economic democracy" in glowing terms, ignoring or soft-pedaling the less savory aspects of Stalin's realm. The illusions born in that era were the soil in which developed the problem represented today by such figures as Alger Hiss, Klaus Fuchs, and David Greenglass. But even then Professor Florinsky had perceived the difference between the Soviet system in theory and in reality, and his book then was an important contribution to public enlightenment.

In the preface to the present revised version, which brings his 1939 volume up to date, the author notes "it proved unnecessary to alter any of my major conclusions" contained in the first edition. Quite correctly, this implies that the flow of events since 1939 has given no reason to doubt his earlier view, that the Soviet regime is essentially a ruthless dictatorship in all spheres of life and that the vast façade of democratic forms, such as provided for in the 1936 Constitution, is merely a sham having little to do with the actual functioning of everyday life.

Essentially this volume presents a summary description of the evolution and present status of major Soviet institutions: government, economic planning, the state-directed economy, nationalities policy, and the like. In each of these areas Professor Florinsky compares the reality of this institutional organization with the nominal theory and finds a wide gap. Nominal Soviet parliamentary government is contrasted with the burlesque unanimity of Soviet legislatures and the role of the secret police; the grandiloquent claims made for Soviet economic planning are contrasted with the highly uneven record of plan fulfillment and the failures in the area of standard of living improvement.

This is not, however, a professional anti-Soviet diatribe though its conclusions are most unpalatable to the Kremlin. Professor Florinsky recognizes that the Soviet regime has made

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enormous achievements in such areas as raising industrial production, reorganizing agriculture and the like, and he points out these accomplishments. But at every point he properly recognizes the question of whether more progress might not have been made at less cost if the Soviet regime had chosen less doctrinaire goals and less repressive techniques.

For the general reader this is a competent and honest survey of many important areas of Soviet life, written readably and compressed into rather moderate size. Yet he should be warned that it leaves some important areas untouched while others are touched on so briefly and superficially —particularly the host of topics in the last chapter—that this reviewer at least wonders if it would not have been better to omit them and give somewhat fuller treatment to the remainder of the matters covered. The single paragraph given to the press is perhaps the worst example of this "he who runs may read" superficiality.

Authors are perhaps not responsible for the vagaries of the blurb writers who prepare jacket descriptions of books, but surely the sentence "The book is based almost exclusively on primary sources and contains much information not available elsewhere" is too raw to pass unnoticed. It is no reflection on the writer that he has used reliable secondary sources to a significant extent, and fortunately today, unlike 1939, the facts presented by Dr. Florinsky are widely available in many excellent volumes. The blurb writer has overlooked the true merit of this volume: the brief compass in which so much helpful information on the USSR is made available.

Harry Schwartz, author of "Russia's Soviet Economy," is a member of the staff of The New York Times.

Backgrounds of Russian Drama

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By B. V. Varneke. Translated by Boris Brasol and Belle Martin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 459 pp. $6.50.

By Joseph T. Shaw

THE RUSSIAN theatre of the twentieth century—the theatre of Stanislavsky, Meyerhold, Kommissarzhevsky, and Evreinov—has been one of the most important in the world, and numerous books are available to make it known to the English-reading public. However, there has been extremely little information available in English about the Russian theatre before the Moscow Art Theatre's first production in 1898. This book fills that important gap. It is a translation of a standard Russian text by an authority on the Russian theatre, and it is one of the series of significant books published under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies.

Varneke's book covers the history of the Russian drama from its origins through the nineteenth century. It traces Russian drama from the folk quasi-dramatic customs (like the "reluctant bride" in wedding ritual games) and from the "Fiery Furnace" church presentation, through school dramas for pedagogical purposes in Latin, to the opening of the theatre at the Russian court; from the inauguration of the professional permanent Russian theatre as late as 1756, through the neo-classical second half of the eighteenth century and the romantic and realistic movements of the nineteenth century. Originality came late to the Russian theatre. The "School Dramas" were an importation to Kiev from Catholic Poland; the first court dramas were borrowings from the "School Dramas" and from the repertory of wandering European actors, the so-called "English comedians," who presented plays going back ultimately to English sources. The neo-classical and romantic repertory, the vaudeville, and the melodrama were likewise greatly indebted to the West. Only with the realistic movement in the drama and in acting, as in prose fiction, does the Russian theatre become largely independent of foreign influence.

Varneke gives more space to actors than to dramatists, though both are presented at length. He provides information about the social origins, theatrical education, and outstanding roles of the great Russian actors and actresses—of Dmitrevsky, of Semyonova, of Shchepkin (the greatest of the nineteenth century, in the author's opinion), of Mochalov, of Yermolova, of Fedotova, of Prov Sadovsky, to mention a few of the most outstanding. The author also includes illuminating comments of the actors and drama critics on styles of acting, the interpretations of various important roles of Russian drama, and quotations from various important actors about their own métier. He includes data on the provincial theatre, as well as that of Moscow and Petersburg.

The chapters on the dramatists emphasize stage presentations and interpretations, although there is also considerable artistic evaluation of individual plays (in some respects perhaps the most interesting part of the book, but also the most moot). In addition to general chapters on movements in the drama and groups of dramatists, separate chapters are devoted to the greatest dramatists, Griboedov, Pushkin, Gogol, and Ostrovsky.

The present volume is a translation of the third edition of Varneke's work, written in 1939. (Earlier editions had been published in Russia in 1908 and 1913.) Varneke's book is written in a surprisingly sprightly style for a scholarly textbook, and to a gratifying degree Boris Brasol and Belle Martin (who revised and edited Brasol's translation) have been able to preserve this quality in their translation. This edition, unlike the Russian original, includes an index of persons and an index of the plays mentioned; regrettably, pictures of actors and actresses, and the bibliography have been omitted.

Joseph T. Shaw is a member of the Department of Slavic Studies of Indiana University.

Now You Are Gone

By Sara Kolb Danner

NOW YOU are gone but the after image remains
Limned on a bright screen in glittering sunlight
Imperishable, radiant, forever bright,
Serene, untarnished by all mortal stains.
Your warmth and kindness must be all around me,
Your pride in me, your always loyal thought
And the eternal goodness your life taught
Must exorcize the shadows that confound me.
The first day, first month, first year at length have passed
So dreaded and so dreadful—but now I know
The years become no kinder as they go
And I am home from the mad evasion at the last.
So I must hold up my head, be on my own
Knowing that at the last each walks alone.

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Skitaletz, Andreev, Gorky, Teleshov, Chaliapin, Bunin, Chirikov (standing) —"in an age grotesquely out of joint."

Recollections with Criticism

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. By Ivan Bunin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 217 pp. $3.

By Ernest J. Simmons

WITH OBVIOUS relish Bunin quotes Gorky's remark about him: "You are the last writer of noble origin, of the culture which gave the world Pushkin and Tolstoy . . ." In truth, Bunin seems to resent the fact that he was born in an age grotesquely out of joint with the nice exactions of his noble lineage and with his rather old-fashioned conceptions of literary art. "I was born too late," he says of himself, and now, over eighty, he strikes the modern reader as a kind of literary anachronism, more associated in their minds, if at all, with the age of Turgenev and Tolstoy rather than with that of his contemporary Gorky. The West and America knew little of Bunin before the award of the Nobel Prize to him in 1933, and since that flurry of popularity he has returned to the quiet and unostentatious position he has long held among Russian emigré writers in France. Few Americans have read his fine early novels, "The Village" and "The Elaghin Affair," though a few more may know of "The Well of Days" and his memorable anthology short story, "The Gentleman from San Francisco."

"Memories and Portraits" brings together Bunin's recollections of famous Russian writers and artists. Here are portraits of Leo Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, Kuprin, Ertel, Voloshin, Alexei Tolstoy, and Chaliapin. He had met them all, and with most he had been on intimate terms, but his accounts are unequal both as psychological studies of human personalities and biographical contributions. One has merely to compare Bunin's recollections of Tolstoy and Chekhov with those of Gorky in order to observe how much superior the latter is in his wonderfully perceptive portraits of these same authors. Gorky provides us with vivid, penetrating analyses of character, in which the novelist's art is everywhere in evidence; Bunin's efforts, in contrast, are often sketchy, episodic, and unduly subjective

Bunin is most successful in the portrait of Chekhov, whom perhaps he knew and understood best of all the figures he treats in the book. Chekhov's rare artistic humility of common sense and his down-to-earth quality are brilliantly apprehended and illustrated by Bunin. The picture of Gorky is not so satisfying, for he was hardly the complete poseur and insincere sentimentalist that Bunin makes him out to be. Chaliapin, on the other hand, is very convincingly drawn as a *bogatyr*—a kind of massive, legendary Russian folk hero with a tremendous voice. His primitive but sure artistic sense and naiveté are fetchingly reflected in the account of his playing to himself in later life records of his singing and muttering, with tears in his eyes: "I wasn't bad. Not everybody's got a voice like that . . ."

Bunin indulges in little literary criticism in these recollections of great writers, but in the case of Kuprin, besides important biographical information, his critical comments on a number of Kuprin's stories are very illuminating. And the portrait of Alexei Tolstoy, perhaps the most significant in the book after that of Chekhov, will

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serve as a much-needed corrective to the idealized picture of him offered by official Soviet biographers.

These recollections reveal a great deal of the character and personality of Bunin himself. The image is that of a rather shy man with principles, firm ideas, and artistic integrity, but nevertheless a man who nurses a sense of bitterness over unfulfilled hopes and unrealized ambitions. Alexei Tolstoy once told him: "You'll never make a success in practical matters. You have no idea how to sell yourself." And Bunin was often surrounded by Russian artists who knew precisely how to sell themselves, though they also had great talent. In reading this book one has the feeling that the quiet, unobstrusive Bunin, who never really caught the imagination of the crowd, writes of these various authors who did with a certain degree of envy. Perhaps this feeling, as much as his utter loathing for revolutionary Russia and all that the Soviet Union represents, has led him into some misdirected criticism of authors who gave their allegiance to the Soviets, such as Gorky, Blok, and Mayakovsky. For example, one is mildly shocked to read that Blok's great poem, "The Twelve," "is astonishing only by its badness in every respect . . . it is hellishly boring . . ." In spite of these blemishes, one obtains deep pleasure from this evocation of a whole period of Russian letters and art by a writer who was by no means the least of a brilliant group.

Ernest J. Simmons is chairman of the Department of Slavic Languages and professor of Russian literature in the Russian Institute of Columbia University.

Desert Poppy

By Ethel Jacobson

FROM ragged, spiny
Silvery leaves
The poppies spring
In prodigal sheaves,
Crinkled, papery
Discs that blow
Wide for the glowing
Heart to show.

Beside the mesquite
And dusty sage,
Over this arid
Heritage,
Matilija poppies
Foam, a tide
Of virginal white
For the desert's bride.

Honor and Justice à la Soviet

INVITATION TO MOSCOW. By Z. Stypulkowski. New York: Thames & Hudson. Distributed by David McKay Co. 360 pp. $3.50.

By HAL LEHRMAN

Z. Stypulkowski—"scientific precision."

AFTER TWO MONTHS of Soviet "interrogation," the author, a Polish underground leader, was allowed one day to see a friend who had survived the same treatment. "I could hardly recognize him," Mr. Stypulkowski writes. "His eyes were restless and wild, sunk deep in his skull. His skin was yellow and wrinkled and covered thickly with sweat. His body was incessantly shaking. His feet were swollen. 'You have changed a little,' I said, trying to conceal the terrible impression he made on me. 'You, too,' he answered, trying to smile . . . I had not seen myself in a mirror . . ."

This macabre book and its author are both unique. Stypulkowski is the only man in the gruesome annals of Moscow trials who refused to "confess" and got away with it. His clinical report on Soviet methodology for the extraction of confessions is so reasoned and convincing that it actually begins to make the reader understand why the defendants in Iron Curtain trials—including American businessmen and reporters—behave in the incredible way they do.

The first part of Stypulkowski's narrative—how he survived Soviet and Nazi internment as a war prisoner and then helped direct the resistance against the Germans—is poorly organized. There are elements of drama in it. But these are jumbled together in a choppy monotony which is not relieved by the author's tendency to harp on Polish gallantry, heroism, and other virtues.

When he reaches the really distinguished part of his chronicle, however, Stypulkowski writes so differently and so much better he seems almost to be someone else. His account of Russian trickery in inviting sixteen underground leaders, on "the honor" of the Soviet army, to parley with Red commanders and then taking the whole group prisoner is a Hitchcockian monument of intrigue and double-cross. (The Poles thought they were going to see Marshal Zhukov; some of them, fearful that their ragged clothing might offend the great "ally of our allies," came in borrowed finery—only to be spirited by plane to Russia and finally into cells of the Lubianka jail.) Despite this unbelievable betrayal—which the Western democracies, though it seems quite impossible for us today to imagine they could, swallowed and digested with hardly a protest and with continued faith in the Kremlin—despite this betrayal, Stypulkowski maintained his sense of humor and his sanity. A skilled lawyer, he was able to confront and eventually to wear out his "Darkness at Noon" inquisitors after 141 separate and protracted grillings.

He thinks he was allowed to hold out because the other fifteen of his countrymen succumbed, and the Soviets wanted to make the proceedings look good in order to hoodwink the West even more effectively. He was convicted anyway—for having known about alleged underground sabotage against the Red Army and not turning his friends in to the Soviet Command—but he was shortly released, again presumably as a maneuver in the further befuddlement of the hopeful British and Americans.

The devices of Russian inducement to the confessional, the short rations of food and sleep, the hands always compelled to remain over the bed covers, the face always turned toward the burning light, the questioning and the snares and the mental torture intended to disintegrate the prisoner's belief even in his own identity—all are recounted with a sober and scientific precision which succeeds in making the indictment against the Russians irrefutable. Here is an authentic sourcebook on the techniques of Moscow "justice" and the nature of the Soviet mind.

Hal Lehrman, foreign correspondent and lecturer, spent eighteen months behind the Iron Curtain after World War II, observing the Soviet "liberation" of Eastern Europe.

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Fiction. *This year, unlike last, the book publishers are getting their fall season off to an early start. The first two serious entries are reviewed below: "The Face of Innocence," the work of William Sansom, a young Britisher whose debut in the novel form, "The Body," was saluted in* SRL*'s survey of new fiction writers for* 1949 *(February* 11, 1950*); and "The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat, who already has a number of well received stories of life aboardship to his credit. Harrison Smith approves in general of the new Sansom; although the Monsarrat novel arrives with much pre-publication critical fanfare, Louis O. Coxe submits a trenchant dissent on page* 14. *Most of the other fiction reviewed this week is especially well suited for reading during the dog days; Julia Truitt Yenni's "The Spellbound Village," with penetrating realism, and Margaret Kennedy's "Lucy Carmichael," intended especially for feminine consumption, are done with wit and high craftsmanship.*

A Product of This Century

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE. By William Sansom. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 253 *pp.* $3.

By Harrison Smith

THE COMMENTS by English and American reviewers on William Sansom's earlier work, dutifully printed on the back of the jacket of "The Face of Innocence," express so much delight in his style and wit that the reader who opens his new novel may wonder what else he has to offer. The chorus of praise runs like this: "Mr. Sansom's descriptive power is steady fireworks; he writes like an angel . . . with magnificent control of the English sentence; his observation, wit, and use of words are fresh, exciting, and beautiful; his wonderfully unadorned style, superb control of his material, extraordinary sensibility—a poet's intensity of vision," etc., etc. *The Nation* adds that he stems from the great nineteenth-century tradition of English fiction, a sentence that is enough to put up any reviewer's hackles when he looks back at Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and the rest; for the heroine of Mr. Sansom's latest book is unadulterated and adulterously a product of this century, as is the author's celebrated style. No Victorian novelist would have stripped to the skin the wife of a prosperous and educated Englishman, either figuratively or literally. There is a scene in a secluded cove on the Riviera in which the narrator, Harry Camberley's oldest friend, watches Harry's wife, Eve, making love with a French garage attendant, in better times an aviator, that would have frozen any Victorian with horror: "two striving exercisers, awkward bodies performing an effortful acrobatic on the beach, froggish athletes about their work . . . unbeautiful and absurd."

There is always a latent suspicion that a writer praised so extravagantly—let us say, by Osbert Sitwell's phrase, "at his best, there is no living writer who can be more interesting"—will turn into what is known as an author's author, totally unbeloved by the wider public. It is true that it takes Mr. Sansom a few chapters to get going full steam ahead since the reader must first understand the character of the man who unravels the complicated nature of Eve and the simpler myopic vision of her husband, Harry, who always looks as if he was, or should be, wearing an overcoat. The famous style gets in the way for a time, and the reader stumbles over strange phrases and words: "the usuality of what he said . . . a tone of well-to-do facetion . . . kitched by politics," for example. But these eccentricities, if they can be so called, rapidly disappear, and Sansom's extraordinary gift for narration, his ability to penetrate his characters' thoughts and behavior are exposed for anyone to see.

William Sansom—"extraordinary gift."

The truth is that Eve is a confirmed romanticist and an inveterate liar, and it did not take Camberley's old friend, but certainly not his best friend, long to discover that Harry is up to his neck in trouble. Eve did not have an eccentric and rich uncle, or a loving father; her passport was not taken away from her by the police; she had never been in Vienna or France, or anywhere outside of England. What was she beneath her beauty and evasions? He searched the impact of Eve's glamour. She dressed well, but there were two buttons missing from her suit, "prickles of shaved fair hair frosted through her stockings," "there was dandruff on her collar."

All three of them motored to the Riviera to celebrate the happy union of Harry with his glamorous liar. It is then that the writer discovers her infidelity. Eve took to the exoticism of the sun-drenched Riviera. She became for a time "a lionne," a dashing female extrovert; but she returned in the afternoons with faint smudges of oil and carbon from the garage mechanic on her arms and neck. Harry's old friend turned into a spy through curiosity and more than a trace of jealousy. Then he witnessed through a bamboo thicket her blatant act of adultery on an open beach.

He would not or could not give her away to Harry; indeed he never knew whether Harry suspected her then, or later, when a child with oddly Gallic features was born to the happy couple in their comfortable English suburban home.

The novel ends with a certain amount of fireworks during which an odd female character named Marty, a dog fancier, loses an eye and Eve is sent to the hospital from an overdose of sleeping pills. But its climax or what happens does not matter to the reader. He knows Eve by this time and is slightly bored with Harry and the too observant friend who was no friend. But the fabric of the novel itself remains in one's mind: Mr. Sansom's sly, shrewd, and witty observations, his unfailing talent for seeing landscapes and people in a light that is harshly vivid and yet, like poor Eve, somehow exotic and glamorous.

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Guilt Complexes

THE SPELLBOUND VILLAGE. By Julia Truitt Yenni. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 221 pp. $2.75.

By Josephine Lawrence

A STRANGER may die in the big, wicked city and be neither mourned nor missed, but in the small town, so friendly and hospitable, the inhabitants will turn to with right good will and help to kill him. Whether this vicious and vigorous interest is preferable to being ignored is a question for the individual to decide.

Miss Yenni's heroine, Faith Goodbind, is a young woman who has sold her first novel. She is reserved in character, with no desire to exchange confidences and gossip over back fences, cocktails, or tea. She thinks rather naively that she can keep to herself and be received on her own terms. If the reader accepts the difficult premise that an intelligent woman with a passionate craving for personal privacy should at the same time yearn to "put down roots," as the saying is, in a community like Two River Junction, he will have done with all misgivings; except for this one improbable hurdle, "The Spellbound Village" gives the impression of being devastatingly real.

From her father, a traveling preacher, Faith has absorbed the doctrine that small-town life is simple and true. She is also eager, "Pa" having died, for a permanent home, and in Two Rivers she finds a place she can buy for five hundred dollars. While she waits for the publication of her book she has no visible means of support, she is reticent, and she entertains strange men—one of them her publisher, the other a critic. Any self-respecting village is likely to find such a stranger exasperating.

When Faith's novel is published Rosa Silvernail, who keeps "The Saddler's Inn," is wounded in her professional pride. She has always been famous for possessing advance information and now she cannot allow herself to admit surprise. Instead, she intimates that she has known for some time the reason for Faith's presence in Two Rivers—to gather material for her novel. Anyone, Rosa suggests, will be able to recognize the characters she has portrayed. That Faith's book was finished before she appeared in the village is a matter of small consequence and easily overlooked.

So is set in motion a hysteria that is to bring to light only the sins, the sorrows, and regrets that have always been known. For every character and episode in Faith's story there is a man or woman in Two Rivers and a matching incident or action. Ugly pathological histories, going back to childhood, are uncovered; a love story, that could have but one ending, is ended; the seamy side of placid village life is turned over, examined in anger, washed with tears—and put back in place.

Miss Yenni, who has a keen eye for detail and a delightfully unobtrusive sense of humor, posts three warnings of value to writers, a class of people much too trusting for their own good. In effect she says (a) beware the village; (b) expect the victims of a guilty conscience to identify themselves with your characters; (c) realize that the publisher's ideal author is an impossible combination of good advertising copy and cloistered nun.

—*Edith Kallir.*

Nicholas Monsarrat—"the subject compels."

Julia Truitt Yenni—"eye for detail."

Asurge with History

THE CRUEL SEA. By Nicholas Monsarrat. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 510 pp. $4.

By Louis O. Coxe

IT WOULD BE hard to write a book about the Royal Navy in World War II, or in any war for that matter, that would be genuinely dull. The subject alone, particularly when the author has first-hand knowledge of it, carries the reader along, yet Mr. Monsarrat's novel nearly achieves dullness. The book is not a novel at all, yet it contains most of the clichés we are accustomed to in war novels—the seedy loves, the grand passion, the brutal officer, the wise captain, the heart-of-oak enlisted men. The characters are at best perfunctory and at worst too dim to be more than the vaguest of types, for the author's chief interest lies not in creating "the world in a man of war" but in attempting to give us the feel of the six-year battle against U-boats in the North Atlantic.

Who is the main character? What is the book's theme? What is the chief conflict? The foreword and the jacket state that the sea is the villain of the piece, yet this is only nominally so; other villains are, variously, Germans, striking or slacking war-workers, spoiled Americans, untrue wives. Mr. Monsarrat lays about him so widely that few of his blows land, few of his dislikes enlist our sympathies. Characters are picked up as they walk on the scene, then are dropped as chronology moves on. And here, it seems, lies the main structural fault of his book: no organizing principle beyond the mere passage of time and events controls theme and action. We start in 1939 and end in 1946. We have been through the Battle of the Atlantic, and though the author tells us it was tough, tells us of many terrible chances, we cannot give these things full credence, because the people to whom they happen are not real, the events themselves are reported, and not shown dramatically. Mr. Monsarrat insists these things are true and dire, and though we believe him, our belief is of the sort elicited by reading a newspaper account of some indubitable disaster; it is not literary, esthetic, imaginative belief. It is a case, in Yeats's phrase, of "the will doing the work of the imagination."

The heroines of "The Cruel Sea" are two ships, first HM Corvette *Compass Rose*, then HM Frigate *Saltash*. One heroine is torpedoed and sunk,

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the other, like the men who work her, comes through without great glory but with pride and honor. At first glance the reader may think that here is a novel much like C. S. Forester's "The Ship," in that one expects a story concerned chiefly with the feelings of individual men in a vessel—their conflicts among and within themselves as well as that with the enemy and the sea. Here again chronology and history get in the way, for the author has to get on with the war, so to speak, and we must touch at many ports, from Brooklyn to Murmansk, escort many convoys, inveigh against many wartime sins. And to comminute even more finely the novel's form, Mr. Monsarrat gives us brief snatches of the homelife of various characters, not *à la* sociological Time Machine as in "The Naked and the Dead," but simply stuck in, after a slight gap in the page. Unfaithful wives and the enemy undo many men; the one signally lovely lady, after being duly bedded down with Lockhart, one of the main characters, dies offstage and leaves us and Lockhart baffled. The one relationship that is viable and convincing, that between Lockhart and Ericson, his captain, is the one the author seems least willing to explore and exploit. Only one scene gives it real expression, and that is fleeting, in tone almost apologetic. Ultimately, one feels that Mr. Monsarrat has been so close to his subject that he does not dare grapple with it finally lest it throw him into sentimentality.

The scenes of action are the best. They do not have the wide scope or the concise style of Admiralty reports, those classic accounts of engagements which any writer dealing with the subject might consult, nor does Mr. Monsarrat's vision have the complexity of, say, Cozzens's in "Guard of Honor." Though the subject compels, though the author knows all the horror and exhaustion of it, "The Cruel Sea" would substitute amorphous parts for a whole that only a novelist like Cozzens could command with trenchancy and style.

Louis O. Coxe, a member of the English department of the University of Minnesota, is co-adapter of "Billy Budd," the Herman Melville story presented last season on the New York stage.

—Jacket illustration by Edwin L. Schmidt for "Lucy Carmichael."

Out of Desperation

LUCY CARMICHAEL. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Rinehart & Co. 344 pp. $3.

By Sigrid de Lima

GENERALLY speaking, to have a novel written about her a girl must be beautiful and have a bad character, or come to a bad end. Like Jane Austen's high-minded heroines who end up happily married, Miss Kennedy's exception, Lucy Carmichael, proves the rule.

Lucy Carmichael's beauty is somewhat unreliable; it deserts her when she is in low spirits and out of sorts. "She is incautious and intrepid. She will go several wrong places, and arrive at the right one," her friend Melissa says of her. And all is wrong for Lucy when we meet her first on her disastrous wedding day, for she is deserted literally at the altar—the message that her prospective husband can't go through with the ceremony has been cruelly intercepted by the "other woman."

One year goes by and a second. Lucy courageously and with a minimum of self-pity and bitterness slowly recovers first her balance and perspective and finally her high-spirited joy in life. Not really a career woman, she goes competently to work as an assistant dramatic director in a peculiarly British venture, the Ravonsbridge Institute, which a local millionaire, old Matthew Millwood of Marsden Millwood Motors, had built and endowed because he wished to turn his home town into the "Athens of the West."

There are the inevitable jealousies and personality clashes and intrigues. Traditional England is personified in Lady Frances Millwood. Her daughters, however, suffer from social uneasiness and are not entirely certain that earls are better than anybody else. The son, Charles, eats his heart out under Socialism because he cannot be as enterprising as his father was before him. There is friction between the Institute and the town. Owen Rees, a factory worker and a talented actor, regards the goings on at the Institute with undying distrust. Anti-Semitic rioting flares up in the little community in the wake of a maliciously circulated canard about the personally dislikable, totally innocent, refugee artist, Emil Angera.

It is Lucy and her kind of goodness that provide the catalyst that will finally resolve all these disparate elements. She wants the best or nothing. As one of her friends remarks, "But it's a good thing to have a few noble char-

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acters cropping up. . . . They see the best and say *Hi!* And make straight for it. . . . They may never get anywhere. It's their *Hi!* that matters. It forces us to look at what they've seen."

This, then, is the essential quality in Lucy's makeup, but Miss Kennedy has drawn a well-rounded and living portrait; in contrast most of the other characters in the book tend to be rather amorphous. There is a deft lightness of touch throughout, and although it is distinctly a woman's book the sweetness and light are seasoned with tart common sense, the leisurely pace is never unwieldy. All in all one can lose oneself in these pages with the sure certainty that the extremely competent Miss Kennedy always knows what she's doing.

Sigrid de Lima is the author of "Captain's Beach."

Fiction Notes

THE MISSION OF JEFFERY TOLAMY. By Darwin Teilhet. Sloane $3. The South Sea islands come up again as the setting for a romance-adventure tale against an historical background. This time our hero is Jeffery Tolamy, ostensibly bringing innocent cargo to the Hawaiian Islands but secretly an agent of Secretary of State Monroe. The time, you see, is 1816, and the problem is to keep that open door to the East open. There are rumors that the British are planning to take over the islands and close them to our trade. Jeffery's not-so-innocent cargo is arms and ammunition to help the natives stave off this dreadful eventuality.

Arriving at the island, Jeffery finds that not the British but the much more insidious Russians are the villains in the piece; and he speedily gets himself involved in a complex of plots and stratagems which might have daunted a less able representative of the United States. But straightforwardly he pushes ahead, outwits the Russians, wins over the natives, and accomplishes his historic mission. He is somewhat less straightforward in his romance with the lovely Susan Partridge, but that too is straightened out after the usual number of misunderstandings and actions at cross-purposes.

Mr. Teilhet's style and plotting is simple, direct, and serviceable. His action scenes carry the reader along with ease. Color of the kind known as local is supplied in requisite amounts, and the love story is never too obtrusive. The historical setting, presumably authentic, you can take or leave alone. It is at best merely a framework on which to hang an acceptably fast-moving adventure story.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

RETURN IN DECEMBER. By Cora Jarrett. Rinehart. $2.75. Something horrible had happened at Broadwood, "that fatal and magnificent house"—so horrible, indeed, that its millionaire owner, Hunter MacRae, had the place torn down and carted off, even to that last massive stepping stone which led to the doubly fatal rose garden. So horrible that Mrs. Dora Bannister shudders through 279 pages before she can steel herself to tell why.

Any connoisseur of such novel situations might say that the foregoing paragraph is a crib from Daphne du Maurier, without reverence for the poor Brontë sisters, mothers of all female writers who nowadays turn a neat nickel in the frosted-reader trade. But it would be a scoundrelly act altogether, giving the pay-off to Mrs. Jarrett's latest creeper. However, Mrs. Jarrett has no compunction about playing slow and loose with her readers, so perhaps it is no violation of confidence to give anyone who wishes to brace the book a little start:

Dora was a promising hyperthyroid who worked in a famous neurological institute as a nurse, and she is the purported author of this improbable story. She had a specialized record with mental cases before Dr. Hugh Bannister, resident physician, married her "in the interests of research." Dora and the doc settled down in "a sociable provincial American city," an overnight train trip from New York, from whence a nasty old psychiatrist named Dr. Gavin Awkright is brought on. Dora keeps him on the threshold for two chapters while she proves herself a nastier gossip than Lila MacRae ever was a murderess. Good old Doc Bannister, who had failed to brave a snow storm to help a forlorn woman,

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ENGLISH SATIRIST (1667-1745)

After identifying the thirteen well-known literary characters briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters of the characters' names will spell the name of a famous English satirist. Allowing 35 points for the name of the writer and 5 points for each character identified, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   Ex-burglar turned shoe-clerk.
2. — — — — — — — — —
   One of Kipling's "Soldiers Three."
3. — — — — — — — —
   Daughter of the Moon and grandmother of Hiawatha.
4. — — — — — — — — — —
   The Wandering Jew.
5. — — — — —
   This songstress was entangled in Italian politics.
6. — — — — — — — — —
   One of three brave soldiers who held a bridge against invaders.
7. — — — — — — — — — — — —
   One of the first fictional detectives.
8. — — — — —
   Alias used by Ulysses to escape from a one-eyed giant.
9. — — — — — — — — — —
   The tailor in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
10. — — — — — — — — — — —
    Granddaughter to Old Kaspar.
11. — — — — — — — — — — —
    Pirate killed by Jim Hawkins aboard the *Hispaniola.*
12. — — — — — —
    He left a single footprint in the sands of a desert island.
13. — — — — — — — — — — — —
    The amorous member of the Pickwick Club.

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keeps intimating that his spouse should quit her absurd story, but Dora plugs away.

Call it art or call it ineptitude, but Mrs. Jarrett evokes all the dulness of a small-town doctor's wife dishing out the stuff—and not very accurately, either, as anyone who has ever handled hospital records can attest.

—GEORGE MILBURN.

THE GREAT DISCIPLE AND OTHER STORIES. By W. B. Ready. Bruce. $2.50. About half the eighteen stories in this collection are rich in what William Faulkner has called "the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed." At least two of the group will continue to make the anthologies: "Barring the Weight" and "The Piper Pays." "Barring the Weight"—the very poetry of sportswriting, by the way—is postwar reminiscence about a prewar Rugby game in which an undersized Irish college team, coached by Kerryman Brother John, won a moral victory against an undefeated Welsh lineup of burly steelworkers, dockers, and county constabulary. In "The Piper Pays," an Allied war incident laid in Sorrento during the post-liberation days of August 1944, a well-meaning American sergeant clumsily offends a gallant old French general. Both these tales and the others in their group are eloquent of the author's background and experience. Into vivid plot and nostalgic overtone is translated, often with humor, the story of an Irishman who saw service in Middle East areas.

The stories about Cuchulain, the leprechauns, St. Patrick, and the Nativity are so different in character and style from the others as to merit publication in a separate volume, preferably for young readers. Given dignified treatment, the Cuchulain saga could, in Mr. Ready's hands, make an important new juvenile for Americans. Putting "youse" into the mouth of imperious Maeve is like having Trojan Helen greet Priam's embattled son with "Hiyah, kid!" —ANN F. WOLFE.

NEW EDITIONS

"THE DIARY of John Quincy Adams, 1794-1845," edited by Allan Nevins and first published in 1928, is now happily available in a new edition (Scribner's, $6), augmented by a chronology of Adams's career and brief biographical notes on the persons who figure most prominently in the narrative. Anyone who reads this fascinating book will find it easy to believe the editor's sweeping declaration regarding the twelve volumes from which it has been culled: "In all American political literature, there is no record of the kind which approaches this in interest and value." Certainly it would be hard to name an American who has served his country longer and more variously than John Quincy Adams. As Mr. Nevins succinctly puts it: "He was only eleven when he accompanied his father on the special mission of 1778 to France. He was very young when he embarked on his own diplomatic career, in which he was to serve at the courts of Russia, Prussia, Holland, Sweden, France, and Great Britain. He was Senator for a decade; he was Secretary of State for eight busy years; he was President of the United States for four. On the raw February day when, in 1848, death seized him as he sat industriously writing at his desk in the House of Representatives, he had spent nearly twenty years of unremitting battle and toil in the lower chambers of Congress."

In addition to all this—in addition to his signal services as peace negotiator after the War of 1812, as the diplomatist who wrested Florida from Spain, as the chief architect of the Monroe Doctrine, and as the vigorous opponent of "gag rule" in Congress—he had the gift, invaluable for a diarist who would be read with interest, of being in the right place at the right time. He watched Napoleon's invasion of Russia and his ruinous retreat from St. Petersburg; he was in Paris for half of the Hundred Days; in London he received the news of Waterloo from Castlereagh's office. He saw keenly, thought clearly, and knew how to put both observations and thoughts into enduring words. "Literature," he wrote, "has been the charm of my life, and, could I have carved out my own fortunes, to literature would my whole life have been devoted." He dreamed of being the author of "some great work of literature" that would do honor to his age and country, and possibly without realizing it, he produced a masterpiece in his diary.

MEN LIVE in his pages—sometimes, perhaps, distorted by his view of them. His manner, we are assured, was cold, but his phrases burn. He speaks of a place-seeker's "cormorant appetite for office," and describes William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury under Monroe, as "a worm preying upon the vitals of the Administration within its own body." Of John Randolph he writes: "Egotism, Virginian aristocracy, slave-scourging liberty, religion, literature, science, wit, fancy, generous feelings, and malignant passions constitute a chaos in his mind, from which nothing orderly can ever flow." Calhoun, he tells us, "is a man of fair and candid mind, of honorable principles, of clear and quick understanding, of cool self-possession, of enlarged philosophical views, and of ardent patriotism," but "he is more sensitive to the transient manifestations of momentary public opinion, more afraid of the first impressions of the public opinion, than I am." John Tyler, in his judgment, was endowed with "talents not above mediocrity, and a spirit incapable of expansion to the dimensions of the station upon which he has been cast by the hand of Providence . . ." And on September 17, 1841, he writes in vitriol: "Such is human nature, in the gigantic intellect, the envious temper, the ravenous ambition, and the rotten heart of Daniel Webster." But one might quote for pages and still convey only a hint of the contents and quality of this extraordinary diary.

"A Hundred Years of British Philosophy," by Rudolph Metz, translated by J. W. Harvey, T. E. Jessop, and Henry Sturt, has been reissued in this country by Macmillan ($5.25). This useful survey, included in the Muirhead Library of Philosophy, covers the field from Dugald Stewart and his fellow Scots down to such thinkers as Hügel, George Tyrrel, and the neo-Scholastics. . . . "Classic American Philosophers" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.75), well edited by Max H. Fisch and others, contains selections from and introductions to the writings of Peirce, James, Royce, Santayana, Dewey, and Whitehead.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Sea & Shore.

In August's dog days even congenital landlubbers wish they had a window to open to the sea. Whether you possess such a vista or must call upon your imagination to provide you with one, here are some new books that will give you the refreshing tingle of saltspray. Most of them are by onetime city folk who found life better close to the surf. Elinor Graham tells about her successful if painful adjustment to year 'round seashore living in Maine in "My Window Looks Down East." Walter Teller reports how his family acquired "sea legs" on Martha's Vineyard in "An Island Summer." Talbot and Jessica Hamlin discovered new independence and values in life afloat from Maine to Florida; they write about them in "We Took to Cruising." Beatrice Cook, who to her amazement raised a family of Pacific Coast fisherfolk, describes her triumphs and ordeals in "More Fish to Fry." In contrast, "Sherman Hoyt's Memoirs" give viewpoints of a veteran yachtsman.

Time and Place for Growth

AN ISLAND SUMMER. By Walter Magnes Teller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 222 pp. $3.

By Henry Beetle Hough

ONE MAY acquire "sea legs" on any ship at any time or place, but there is another sort of adjustment, including with it some degrees of growth to be marked in the human spirit like the annual growth rings of a tree, that can be come upon only in the country and without too much design To get their "sea legs" of summer Walter and Jane Teller took their four sons to Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard, and here the family adventured and discovered, and grew measurably in physique and wisdom.

But most of all there ensued a passage of rich satisfaction in six lives that could be stored away for a long harvest. The experience is contained in Walter Teller's book, which fits its title precisely, for here is the recognizable flavor and substance of summer itself, with changing sunshine, rain, chores, berries, clams, swimming, sweet nights after brave days, and the march of the season. The reality is not glossed; Mr. Teller tells what happened, mostly small things, including times of strain and shadow. But summer was all it could have been, perceptively shared and savored.

The process of adjustment, observable mostly in the young but not absent in the adults, Walter and Jane Teller, consisted partly of response to a different environment. Modern civilization has subordinated environment to society, but here to the Tellers it emerged as the big thing, island shores and countryside, summer materialized in a coastal landscape. The boys got most out of it, of course. And they built their own society of newly-found friends: fishermen in Menemsha Creek, storekeeper, neighbor's children, other vacationers.

Such a summer might be spent in different places, but Martha's Vineyard with its shores and countryside, its freedom as between man and nature and man and man, was all to the purpose. The feeling of Menemsha, the lights of the fishermen at night, the moors, the lap of waves, the talk of Vineyard people, run through the book.

The Tellers allowed themselves various pilgrimages, once even to Nantucket, where they visited the whaling museum. There were family events, such as birthdays. Scenes and events naturally evoked from Mr. Teller philosophical reflections which he passes on without being pretentious. He reports also on local figures, institutions, and customs, never without respect but usually with gentle humor.

Even going to the Chilmark dump was pleasant—"a lovely ride." And farther along the road the wild raspberries were ripe. Dancing at the town hall in Gay Head was pleasant, too. One of the best swims was the swim just before supper. The snugness of a rainy Sunday, the disembodied sensation of swimming in the surf, the freshness of lying on the float on a windy day, the beguiling tenderness of the ocean on a certain summer day. The book is made of such experiences, episodes, and interludes. "The days did not seem long enough. There was always more to do than could be done."

Henry Beetle Hough, publisher and editor of the Vineyard Gazette *of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, is the author of "Country Editor," and other books.*

—*Aaron Siskind.*

The Tellers—"perceptively shared and savored."

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Sea-Scapes and a Way of Life

WE TOOK TO CRUISING: From Maine to Florida Afloat. By Talbot and Jessica Hamlin. New York: Sheridan House. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

By A. K. LOBECK

TALBOT HAMLIN, architect and college professor, and his wife, Jessica, have taken to cruising, not as a means of occasional diversion, but as a permanent way of life. Upon their newest boat, *Aquarelle II,* built to their own dreams and specifications, they intend to retire. Too long the world has been with them, and the time has now come for them to escape from "the compulsion of outworn social codes, of competitive expenditure and competitive wealth, of keeping up with the Jones, of habitual and purposeless personal ambition." These they condemn and have decided at long last to be themselves.

Professor Hamlin comes, if not from a sea-faring, at least from a sea-loving, and a sea-knowing family. Ships and the sea are in his blood and will not be denied. Jessica Hamlin's touch is in this book too. Perhaps it is she who gives us on almost every page those revealing images which are the essence of the book itself, as in the opening paragraph we read, "The moon, just past the first quarter, swam through lazily moving wispy cirrus in a soft greeny sky, and the mounting night mist veiled the hills and from the wooded shores of the cove picked out plane after plane of mystery."

But when it comes to descriptions of the sea in a storm it is Talbot who is at the helm. His chapter on Crossing the Delaware Bay in a Gale holds one spellbound, and about the only assurance we have that they are going to get through alive is the fact of this book itself. There are many other squalls and storms, each as interesting as the last, with the outcome always dubious.

From Maine to Miami the Hamlins have cruised over the past five or six years, first to Florida on the small twenty-four-foot *Aquarelle I,* the smallest ship that year to go through the Inland Waterway. About this famous waterway the skipper has this to say, "The way was long—longer than we had imagined, longer than the maps suggest. The Carolina coasts, feeling out to the eastward in large capes, retreating west and north in big curves, and interspersed with sounds and bays, lagoons and rivers, cover a multitude of miles and require a multitude of hours. With the stops we made it took us two weeks to cross North Carolina alone."

But this is no guide book. You will find the details in the Coast Pilots, Charts, and other references listed in the Appendix and also in his Clipping File, a sampling only he says, but it is an intriguing one. There are no maps. The end pages, however, could nicely have been used for this purpose, and Professor Hamlin's deft skill would have done it just right, for we are given a sample of his handiwork in the many alluring pen-and-ink sketches that ornament many of the pages.

This book of the Hamlins concerns the ways of people as much as it does the ways of nature. There is pathos, charm, admiration, and kindly humor; warmth of feeling goes out to all the people who march through its pages in one capacity or another. Strange it is perhaps to see this friendly human touch in one who seemingly has been trying to run away from his neighbors. But this is pleasing, indeed, and as we put the book down we feel that we have been less interested in taking to cruising ourselves—for when all is said and done, it is no child's play—than we have been in the personalities of Talbot and Jessica Hamlin.

A. K. Lobeck is professor of geology at Columbia University

Mementos from Maine

MY WINDOW LOOKS DOWN EAST. By Elinor Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 218 *pp.* $3.

By LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

THIS IS Mrs. Graham's third book, and in it she has grown up. The first two, "Our Way Down East" and "Maine Charm String," were completely charming, but in retrospect and in comparison to this one they seem a little superficial. In them she wrote as an observer; in "My Window Looks Down East" she writes as a participant. It makes all the difference. This book has a warmth and sympathy that the others lacked and a much more mature outlook on life.

Mrs. Graham is a woman of many interests. She is interested in her home, in her neighbors, in collecting buttons, in the theatre, in beauty in all its forms, and in all human relations. That is one of the reasons why this is a good book. She shares her enthusiasms with us generously. She catches the true Yankee turn of speech when reporting a trade with Jake Allgood, who owns the antique, mineralogy, and junk shop, and with whom she seems to be at constant guerrilla warfare for possession of any one of a number of treasures. She speaks of her little daughter Lani with a tenderness which is not sentimental and an insight which is real rather than prettily fanciful. She is at her best when she describes the coastal country of Maine where she lives, making you see the fall of light over the sea, the millions of white violets which carpet her garden in the springtime, the stark black lines of bare trees against the snows of winter. It is easy to become blind to beauty when you live with it day by day; but Mrs. Graham is not subject to this kind of blindness. Rather does she through familiarity acquire a wider knowledge of and a deeper insight into the background against which she lives.

The book abounds in human interest stories, so-called. The one I found most poignant, I think, is the one about the bereaved young woman who came to buy a bleeding heart plant to set on the grave of her little girl, dead at the age of four. Mrs. Graham handles this beautifully, both in the doing and in the telling. The party for Ruth Bowen, who had taught school for forty years on Flying Point, makes good, heart-warming reading, too.

But the real theme of "My Window Looks Down East" is not the people or the country. It is Mrs. Graham's

(*Continued on page* 37)

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The Provincialism of East and West–II

THERE IS hardly an educated person today who would quote approvingly Kipling's arbitrary and meaningless pronouncement that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." It seems generally agreed that to be associated with that type of global cocksureness is to be a drag on history.

Yet many educated people in Europe and the Americas — among them philosophers and scholars — will talk and write about the East in a way that helps to keep alive the Kipling stereotype. They have fallen into the habit of describing the culture and characteristics of the East in big, flat, and fixed terms, despite the fact that Asians no more comprise an entity than do the peoples of the West. The Asians — one and one-half billion of them — happen to share a continent, which is a formal geographic unit only by human designation and not by divine insistence. To make grooved and rutted generalizations about these people is to commit a sin against good scholarship and the human community both at a time when a vast expansion is needed in man's awareness and comprehension of man.

It is astonishing to see how often university conferences in Europe and the Americas on the problems of philosophy or politics in the modern world will allow stock references to Asian peoples and cultures to go unchallenged. One hears about the "disdain for action" or about "lack of systematic thought" or about the "Oriental love of vagueness" or about the "Eastern mentality" or about "typical Eastern mysticism" or about the "propensity for negation."

One of the complaints leveled by an English philosopher-historian at a recent such conference was that there is no basis for understanding between East and West, for Eastern philosophers "attach hidden values and meanings to their thoughts which are incapable of even approximate definition."

What is most unfortunate about this remark is not so much the polite arrogance which assumes that failure of communication is necessarily the fault of the next fellow, but the unscholarly technique of placing "Eastern philosophers" inside a single academic enclosure. Anyone who has attended a philosophical meeting, whether in Japan or China or Indo-China or India or Pakistan or Turkey, is able to bear witness to the same spread of ideas and approaches, the same display of argumentation over ends and means, the same contrasts of soaring thoughts and plodding trivia which enliven similar meetings in Paris, London, or New York. Imagine, then, a meeting of Filipino, Japanese, Chinese, Indians, and Pakistani being characterized as though the ideas of only a single philosopher were being examined.

What an Eastern philosophical conference has most in common with a Western philosophical meeting, perhaps, is an apparent disposition to invest geographical entities with fixed cultural, ideological, or philosophical components. Thus it is not unusual to hear Western philosophy criticized as lacking in sufficient appreciation of the "vital intangibles" or "elusive but central values." Along with this is the criticism of "Western thought" as being overly concerned with systems and techniques and not enough with the domain beyond man's limited intelligence. This criticism, of course, is merely the Asian manifestation of a philosophical provincialism which is not centered in or confined to any single area.

So far as the overriding needs and purposes of man today are concerned, it is irrelevant to attempt to determine which set of stereotypes came first or which is more unscholarly or unfair — that of the West against the East or vice versa. What is important is that a major effort be made by all concerned to get away from the entity complex. It would be well, perhaps, if the world of scholarship would enter into a sort of compact on specificity. It should be made clear whether when we use the term East we are thinking of everything from the Bosporus Straits to the Bering Sea, or whether we have a specific area or culture in mind. Proper distinctions should be made between Japan and China and India and Pakistan and Indonesia and Siberia and Iran and Syria and Israel. Similarly, when Asian scholars comment on Europe and the Americas it would be helpful to know whether they are thinking primarily of the Balkans or Scandinavia or South America or France or Canada or whatever.

SOMETHING else we can do is to liberate ourselves from some of the harmful misconceptions that are so much excess baggage. Consider, for example, the frequent remark, mentioned above, that the East has a "disdain for action." It is said that it is virtually impossible to get beyond opinions and into operations. For generations we have heard about Chinese lethargy, Indian passivity, Balinese serenity, etc. In the light of recent and current history, that picture can stand some revision. The Civil War in China, stretching over fifteen years, was conspicuous for its lack of lethargy on all sides. Indeed, the missing ingredient appears to have been not action but thought. Reports coming into Hong Kong from China of the mass killings and raging terror and the resultant disillusion may indicate that some aspects at least of the revolution may not have been thought through in the general rush to the barricades. Japanese aggression in concert with the Axis only a few years ago was sharply in contrast to the prevailing conception of an Oriental nation as lacking in drive or dynamics. It is worth noting, incidentally, that industrialization, militarization, mobilization, aggression, and colonization — all of which dominated Japanese life for perhaps a quarter of a century — were almost the monopoly of the West. So far as India is concerned, the widespread outside impression of an almost universal passivity or impassiveness must be modified in the light of observable facts of life in India for at least fifty years. Passive resistance and non-cooperation were the most vital parts of a real action program. Today intense political activity on the extremes of both left and right — activity from which Indian men of learning and letters have sought no immunity or exemption — has made India one of the least passive places on the face of the globe. Bali, too, more closely resembles a hotbed of Balkan intrigue today than it does the glamorous, languoruos land of Covarrubias's sketches.

As for the complaint of "Oriental vagueness," I have searched my mem-

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ory but I can recall nothing more tangible or more vividly conveyed than the needs and hopes of Asian peoples I was able to meet. Most memorable of all was the emphatic detail with which they documented their desire to maintain their freedom and self-respect, and their deep resentment at being regarded as inferior beings fit only for servants or subjects. Exclusion acts and humiliation by legislation have left them with no vague reaction; if anything, the response is severely normal — almost to the point of being terrifying. True, some writers and philosophers may cultivate vagueness for vagueness' sake, but it ought not be difficult to draw up a list of Western writers and philosophers who have some fairly well-developed abilities in that direction themselves.

Then, of course, there is a matter of the "mystical, mysterious, spiritualistic and occult East." This is becoming more and more of a travel-poster slogan for tourists and less and less a description with any substance behind it. The most populous nation in Asia has had more disdain for the popular conception of mysticism and the occult than perhaps any country in the world. The intensely practical and down-to-earth philosophy-religion of Confucius and Lao-tzu has little scope for higher metaphysics. In a much cruder sense, the visitor to Asian countries who is looking for demonstrations of so-called supernatural faculties may not be as successful as he could be at home. In Washington, D.C., for example, astrology is a major industry. In the United States of America, in general, phrenology, palmistry, spiritual communication, and tea-leaf reading run into millions of dollars each year.

IS THERE nothing, then, that distinguishes the peoples of Asian countries from the peoples of Europe and America? Certainly. The distinctions are many and real. Diversity is the basic law of life. But these distinctions cannot be separated into two large bundles conveniently tagged "East" and "West." Many of the distinctions are national rather than continental, and even here it is important to take into account whatever pluralism may exist inside the nations themselves. In addition to the pluralisms are the paradoxes. Indeed, not until the paradoxes are located and defined does the essential nature of a culture begin to reveal itself. The finest observers, historians, and anthropologists have all been paradox hunters. Hunting and comprehending paradoxes, moreover, is infinitely more challenging and rewarding than the pursuit of incredible entities.

—N. C.

Good News

▸ A Special Watchdog Committee of the Organization of American States dissolved itself after reporting that relations between the once-feuding Caribbean countries had become "favorable." A final report turned in to Secretary General Alberto Lleras said the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, and Guatemala were getting along well and a watchdog committee was no longer needed.

▸ Twenty-five years ago Danish Dr. Sven V. Knudsen announced in an American magazine that four hundred Europeans wanted to make friends by mail in the United States. And in the years of operation of the pen-friends movement it is estimated that some five million young people have been introduced to each other through letters. Last year more than forty million of their letters went through the mail. Dr. Knudsen's mailing list now includes more than twenty-six thousand schools and institutions throughout the world.

▸ Dr. Joshua Bloch—rabbi, librarian, bibliographer, editor, and author—has been awarded a special citation by the National Jewish Welfare Board's Jewish Book Council of America. As chief of the Jewish Division of the New York Public Library for twenty-seven years he has made available his rich resources of Jewish literature and information to countless numbers of scholars, authors, students, and laymen of all faiths.

▸ A volunteer group of students of the Newark (N. J.) College of Arts and Sciences of Rutgers University, interested in improving their skills, are reading and performing for children confined to hospitals under a new extracurricular program. Hospital officials have welcomed the innovation, and the children are delighted. Eventually the college may make the program part of its speech course.

▸ In its annual report the National Urban League declared that in the field of race relations 1950 was a "good year." It was good, said the report, insofar as there appeared to be growing understanding by the public that there exists in racial disunity a danger to this nation and that if the United States is to maintan its strong position in a troubled world the problem must be solved quickly.

▸ An eighty-square-mile stretch of swamp and jungle in the Malayan state of Serangor has been converted into one of the area's richest rice-growing regions with the recent completion of a drainage and irrigation scheme begun in 1939. Tanjong Karang, as it is called, now supports eighty thousand persons, with a twenty-seven-mile seawall keeping out tidal water. It is estimated that last year alone the project saved nearly two and a half million dollars—the cost of rice which otherwise would have been imported.

▸ More than eleven thousand schoolbags have been sent to Europe as the personal gifts of American school children. The schoolbags were made by American Girl Scouts, and each is filled with school supplies and some personal present such as a doll or a scarf.

▸ The city of Haifa in Israel intends to ban "horn-tooting," Mayor Aba Hushi has announced. Mr. Hushi recently presented prizes to winners of the *Zehirut* (careful driving) contest, which resulted in a 27 per cent reduction in traffic accidents in the Haifa area during the past three months.

▸ Radio networks in Western Germany, financed by monthly license fees from listeners, limit commercials to a few spots in their daily programs. The Stuttgart station reports that revenue from advertising in the past year was used to subsidize local theatres, orchestras, artists, museums, and the publication of important scientific works.

▸ There were 1,669,934 persons married in this country last year, the first increase since 1946, the U. S. Public Health Service reports. While the number of marriages rose nearly 6 per cent over 1949, the total of 1950 divorces—estimated at 385,000—was the smallest since 1943. The decrease was 3 per cent from the preceding year and marked the fourth successive year of decline.

▸ The Christian Rural Overseas Program, better known as CROP, has set a national goal of 1,400 carloads of foodstuffs for collection on America's farms in the 1951 harvest appeal and shipment overseas to feed hungry people in other lands. Since the organization's inception in August 1947 $12,300,000 worth of foodstuffs has been contributed in America for distribution abroad in church-sponsored feeding projects.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wolfe and Perkins

SIR: I enjoyed Struthers Burt's essay on his publisher friend ["Catalyst for Genius: Maxwell Perkins," *SRL* June 9] but I have a complaint to register, namely and to wit that Burt is a tantalizer and a teaser.

Early in his article Burt wrote: "There is not the slightest question in the minds of the few who knew Maxwell Perkins intimately that the Tom Wolfe episode killed him. Exactly from the date of Tom's betrayal he began to die."

That's a fine start but that is where Burt ends. He never tells us what Wolfe did to betray Perkins or the details of it or anything else. The rest of his essay is devoted to describing the idiosyncrasies of the editor, which were so peculiar that even Burt became apologetic about them.

I happen to be a Thomas Wolfe admirer. The day he died, in August of 1938, a group of us in Portland, Oregon, mourned his passing by a terrific drunk.

But I never knew that Perkins had been "betrayed" by Wolfe. The betrayal, if it took place, must have occured before 1938, and Perkins died, so Burt tells us, in June of 1947.

It was a long time killing him.

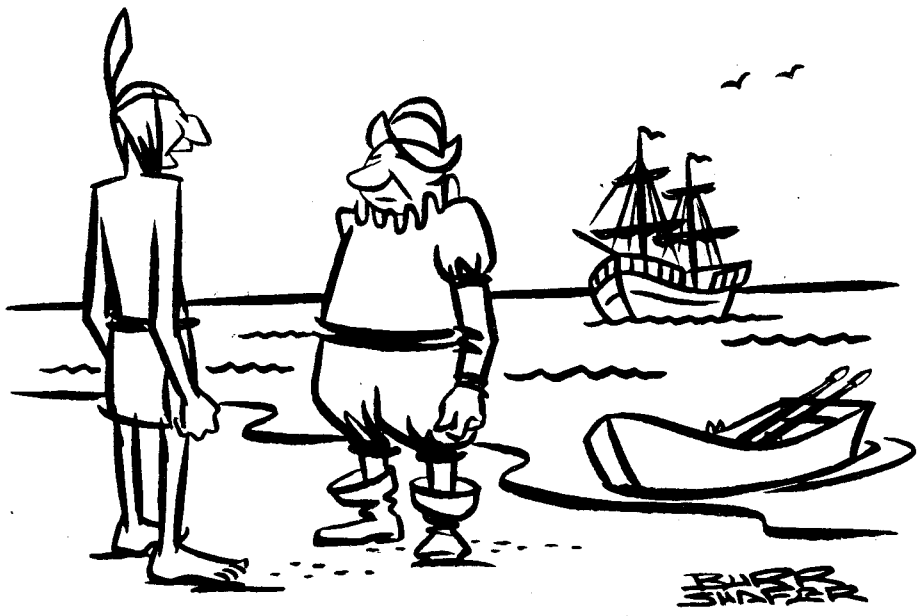
RIDGELY CUMMINGS.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: There is such a thing as original research. If Mr. Cummings will devote the same amount of time looking up the details of the Wolfe-Perkins episode that, according to his own statement, he spent in "celebrating" Tom Wolfe's death, he will arrive at knowledge, and not a hangover. Besides, he will have the satisfaction of coming to his own conclusions, right or wrong. He is unaware of the paradox contained in his letter. If he doubts my entire statement, why should he believe me any more if I elaborate? The details to which I refer are well known in New York—a town on the eastern seaboard—and are readily accessible. Moreover, in "Editor to Author" (Scribner's, 1950), a collection of Perkins's letters, there are numerous letters to Wolfe, and a final most revealing letter from Tom Wolfe to Perkins, that in themselves are to any reader of sensitive perceptions fairly convincing documentary proof of what I say.

I did not go into the details of the Wolfe-Perkins episode for three, what seemed to me, cogent reasons.

In the first place, and to repeat, these details are so well known to all American publishers, and most American authors, and to the majority alert to literary history that for me to have dwelt upon them would have been superfluous and presumptuous. In the second place, in doing so I would have had to mention names, and as all the principals connected with the episode are now dead, that would have been to stir up publicly fires long banked. In the third place, and most important of all, the Wolfe-Perkins episode



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What spices?"

was not the subject of my article. It was *necessary to mention it, but it* was not necessary to write about it.

I do wish Mr. Cummings would learn to read carefully. I cannot tell him how much pleasure he would get out of it. Also, I do not know on what remote perfumed isle he has been spending his time. The subject of "Catalyst for Genius" was Maxwell Evarts Perkins, late editor-in-chief of the great publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, not merely my "publisher friend," as Mr. Cummings condescendingly remarks, who at the time of his death was generally admitted by his peers to be the outstanding editor of the English-speaking world, although word of this may not as yet have reached Hollywood. Furthermore, I wish that Mr. Cummings, reading carefully, would take up seriously —in his leisure moments—the study of the English language. It is a magnificent tongue, although not as exact as French. If he thinks that "Catalyst for Genius" is an apology for Maxwell Perkins, then all I can say is that in taking up the study of English he should begin at the bottom with the alphabet.

What happened was this. And before I begin I will state, or restate, that I, also, am a warm admirer of Thomas Wolfe's writings and was a friend of his in so far as he would permit, retain, or maintain friendship, although I did not give a party on the occasion of his death. To the contrary, I was grave and saddened. He was, however, a thorny and uncertain friend.

Thomas Wolfe was a young, frustrated, and desperate author with an unpublishable manuscript, the original draft of "Look Homeward, Angel," when Maxwell Perkins discovered him. This draft had been submitted to numerous editors and had been refused. I cannot remember the exact figures, but I *think there were* something like 800,000 words in it. It was inchoate and completely disorganized. Perkins, with his extroardinary perception amounting to genius, recognized the promise embedded in this mass of paper and accepted it, but before it could be published an immense amount of revision, deletion, and organization was necessary. Perkins was so convinced of Wolfe's future that he was willing to transcend his life-long rule of editorial abeyance and to undertake this task. Wolfe for awhile found himself in what he thought was heaven. Perkins did not collaborate with him, that would have been absurd; he advised him, directed him, and channeled him, all this with the tact characteristic of him and with the full and joyous permission of Thomas Wolfe. Anyone who knew Tom Wolfe knows that he resembled nothing so much as a river in full flood. A river in full flood is a magnificent spectacle, but it carries an immense amount of debris, and unless contained its force is dissipated and wasted.

Perkins made Wolfe famous; in doing so he probably saved his life, and undoubtedly saved his reason. Like so many geniuses, or near-geniuses, Wolfe was very close to the borderline.

But this meant on the part of Perkins the most exhausting kind of physical labor as well as continuous mental and spiritual strain. And these were constant so long as Perkins was Wolfe's editor. Thomas Wolfe was utterly incapable of self-control or self-discipline or of learning from experience. And it must be remembered that while Wolfe had only one occupation, that of writing, Maxwell Perkins had as well the multifarious, high-tension problems, strains, and stresses

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of the editor-in-chief of a great publishing house. I have mentioned in "Catalyst for Genius" how he would work eight hours or more at his office and then half the night with Wolfe. And there was more to it than that. Tom Wolfe was one of those personalities eager to surrender all the details of life to anyone willing at the moment to undertake them. Maxwell Perkins suddenly found himself a banker, a financial adviser, a father-confessor, a lender of money, an exorciser of constant black moods of despair, an arbitrator of love affairs, a sartorial and social guide, and an elephant trainer. During this period Tom Wolfe was unflagging in his praise of Maxwell Perkins as the perfect editor and the perfect friend, to whom "he owed everything." For by this time, naturally, another even more delicate element had entered in, a devoted friendship, on Perkins's part, given slowly and then completely and with entire trust, a further characteristic of his. In all this his only rewards were the satisfactions of a man whose passion was the discovery and promotion of fine, and possibly great, writing. He was completely unselfish, anonymous, and self-sacrificing.

If at this point Mr. Cummings does not understand what I am talking about, I cannot help him.

Here, then, was not the ordinary author-publisher, author-editor relationship. At the very least, friendship and gratitude were involved. There have been numerous instances of the same thing in literary history, though few so dramatic, and sometimes there has been betrayal on one side or the other, but not often. I am not for a minute implying that ordinarily an author is not at full liberty to change editors and publishers, proper circumstances arising. And editors and publishers, on the other hand, enjoy the same liberty. In the higher echelons neither author nor publisher are slaves. But as a general rule one does not in any relationship of life kick over, repudiate, abuse, for no reason save an inflamed ego, the creator of one's fortunes.

It is true that Tom Wolfe wrote a beautiful and memorable dedication to Maxwell Perkins as an introduction to "Of Time and the River," his second novel, published before his break with Scribner's; it is equally true that in his last novel, "You Can't Go Home Again," he made a complete about-face and lampooned and caricatured Maxwell Perkins cruelly, stupidly, and with sly venom in the person of Foxhall Edwards. I discussed this with Maxwell Perkins and know how much it wounded him. This fantastic characterization is proof positive that Tom Wolfe never for a moment understood the man who was his best friend. I'll make another flat statement. Tom was far too busy with himself to waste time in busying himself trying to understand anyone else. In the same novel he caricatured other members of the Scribner staff with equal cruelty and stupidity. And since I am being pushed into a corner, I will mention with regret that in "You Can't Go Home Again" Tom also caricatured and betrayed a most intimate personal relationship; seldom a sign of a conscience overburdened with a sense of loyalty.

I will not continue. I have said enough. The upshot was that Tom eventually returned to Asheville and after thinking things over got on the long-distance telephone to New York and called up publisher after publisher, telling them his troubles and offering them his next novel. The fact that all but one, knowing the circumstances, refused is sufficiently significant. Sometime later Tom, touring the Far West, fell ill and thought he was going to die, and from a hospital in Portland wrote Max a letter. It is a beautiful letter, the best piece of writing Tom ever did. In it he told Max how he regretted what had happened and how he realized what Max had been to him. It was a sort of Saul of Tarsus revelation.

But repentance, however sincere, cannot obliterate the past. Man has

not yet achieved the total quittance which is the special gift of God. Forgiveness is not the same thing as forgetting. Only the egoistic, and their number of course is legion, think that words can wipe out what has been said and done. Max forgave Tom Wolfe, but from then on he was a tired man, physically and in every way, and all his intimates knew it.

Frequently it takes a man—or a woman—a long time to die, especially if the wound is spiritual. People do not die directly of such things. Shakespeare has several final sayings on that subject. What is meant is that when the time comes they do not put up the proper kind of fight. Maxwell Perkins died of pneumonia, a disease where the will to live is a paramount factor in recovery. Tom Wolfe had pneumonia in Portland when he wrote his famous letter to Maxwell Perkins. But he recovered. Ten weeks later he died of a brain infection.

As one grows older one becomes less and less eager to blame. A man learns to be sorry; sorry for himself and for everybody. There is so much beauty and greatness and goodness in the world, and the time is so short, and man, like the ancient clown of vaudeville, persists in tripping himself up by his own feet. But sorrow and understanding should not prevent a man from saying what he thinks is lost.

Before I close I would also like to answer briefly—for the implications are important—the letter of Mr. Peter Jacobson [*SRL* June 23].

I am afraid Mr. Jacobson misunderstood me, and the fault was my own. Instead of saying, "I cannot conceive of a great literature without great editing," I should have said, "I cannot conceive of a great literature without great editors," something entirely different. Mr. Jacobson evidently thought I was using "editing" in its second, and common usage, of revision, change, excision, and so on. I was not. I admit that there is too much of this sort of editing—and all over the world—especially with magazines and the motion pictures. It is a modern illness, pandemic, endemic, and increasing. It has no virtue except to flatter the self-esteem of the editors who indulge in it. It is the mortal enemy of good writing. But once again, this sort of editing is rare in the higher echelons of writing, and certainly no editor set his face more against it than Maxwell Perkins. On the other hand, it is obvious that an author cannot exist without an editor sufficiently intuitive and prescient to understand him, and the more original an author is the more this is so. Gold does not leap unaided from the earth. Hence the habitual phrase that authors "are discovered." From then on it is a relationship of action and reaction, both editor and author growing in stature because of it.

I don't know exactly what Mr. Jacobson means by the statement "The American version of a writer's editor has and had no exact parallel in Europe," and I doubt very much if he knows himself. It sounds to me like one of those easy generalities about the United States that are such fun to make up. After all, Europeans are very much like Americans, the major difference being their constant denial of this universal fact. I do not know about the publishing life of Balzac and Stendhal, but I know a good deal about that of most English authors, and I imagine that if Balzac and Stendhal hadn't had fairly great editors they would have turned from writing to shooting larks. After all, even the greatest European genius requires a mother and father, and genesis is not a peculiar, new-fangled Yankee invention.

STRUTHERS BURT.

Moran, Wyo.

SIR: Tom Wolfe never at any time in his short writing career, which began approximately in 1926, up to 1938 when he died, no, never did he betray his greatest friend, Maxwell Perkins, or anyone else.

I submit for the benefit of your staff and your readers, first, the dedication to his great friend and editor, Maxwell Evarts Perkins, of his second book, "Of Time and the River": "To Maxwell Evarts Perkins—A great editor and a brave and honest man, who stuck to the writer of this book through times of bitter hopelessness and doubt and would not let him give in to his own despair, a work to be known as 'Of Time and the River' is dedicated with the hope that all of it may be in some way worthy of the loyal devotion and the patient care which a dauntless and unshaken friend has given to each part of it, and without which none of it could have been written."

Secondly, I submit a quotation from *The Harvard Library Bulletin*, Autumn

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1947. This was the last thing ever written by Max Perkins before his sudden death on June 17 of the same year. This article is printed in the form received from Mr. Perkins's secretary two days after his death, with some slight modifications in punctuation and with the addition of a title—"Thomas Wolfe," by Maxwell Perkins. It reads:

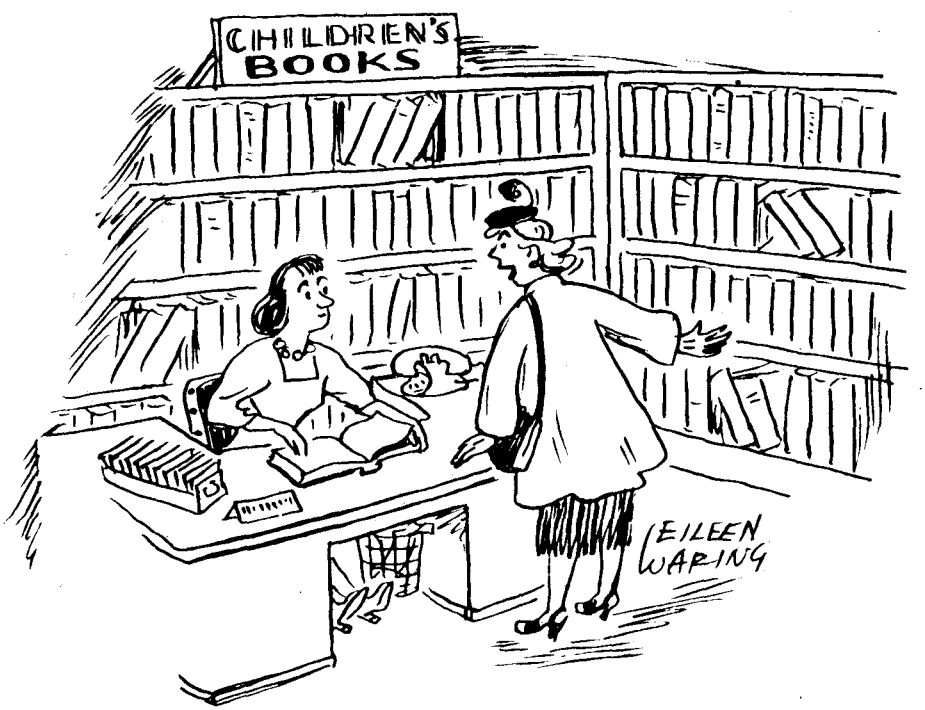
> . . . Certainly Thomas Wolfe never willingly parted from the proofs of "Of Time and the River." He sat brooding over them for weeks in the Scribner library and not reading. John Wheelock read them and we sent them to the printer and told Tom it had been done. I could believe that otherwise he might have clung to them to the end.
>
> He dedicated that book to me in most extravagant terms. I never saw the dedication until the book was published and, though I was most grateful for it, I had forebodings when I heard of his intention.
>
> I think it was that dedication that threw him off his stride and broke his magnificent scheme. It gave shallow people the impression that Wolfe could not function as a writer without collaboration, and one critic even used some such phrases as 'Wolfe and Perkins—Perkins and Wolfe, what way is that to write a novel!' Nobody with the slightest comprehension of the nature of a writer could accept such an assumption. No writer could possibly tolerate the assumption, which perhaps Tom almost himself did, that he was dependent as a writer upon anyone else. He had to prove to himself and the world that this was not so. And this was the fundamental reason that he turned to another publisher. . . . The trouble began after the publication of "Of Time and the River," which the reviewers enormously praised—but many of them asserted that Wolfe could only write about himself, that he could not see the world or anything objectively, with detachment—that he was always autobiographical. Wolfe was extremely sensitive to criticism, for all his tremendous faith in his genius as an obligation put upon him to fulfill.

I now feel that for the setting of the record straight I must expose a truth unknown to readers at large. Maxwell Perkins states above the "fundamental reason" why Tom turned to another publisher in the late fall of 1937, a scant eleven months before his death. This is absolutely and fundamentally true. But the actual cause for Tom's immediate break with his 1937 publishers was distinctly due to a matter of finances, wherein due to a financial settlement by his publishers Tom was left broke without any balance. Just again, the last straw to snap—to complete a "break." Mr. Perkins then, as in the months to follow, merited from Tom only the greatest love and respect. Tom wrote me then (and I have the letter) that "he felt like one mourning for the dead, and I still hope some day to go back." Eleven months later Tom was dead, September 1938. Maxwell Perkins survived Tom nearly nine full years. I was with him many times during these nine years. These were as good years for Max as any that preceded them. The shoe might well better fit the other foot—for in eleven brief months Tom from hard work, too much so I know, and perhaps a sense of hurt or grief for his great friend Perkins, took ill and died. But where now is there any foundation of a trace of truth in Burt's wild statement?

Tom Wolfe never for one second betrayed Maxwell Perkins, nor did Max ever betray Tom. I, however, say here unhesitatingly that Burt by his statements in this article (used so pointedly as the vehicle to get this through to your readers) has betrayed both Tom and his friend Maxwell Perkins, who in his wonderful, gentle, fine way would be the first to call Burt a fantastic liar. There are so few of us who could be as gentle and fine as Maxwell Perkins.

FRED W. WOLFE

Spartanburg, S. C.



"All I want is a book that can compete with TV, comics, atomic bomb games, and Indian massacres."

SIR: I hope that sometime within the next two or three years the fires aroused by my article will die down. I am a busy man. In addition to trying to finish a novel, we're getting ready to hay out here in Wyoming.

I had concluded the letter on page 22 when a belated one arrived from Fred W. Wolfe, Thomas Wolfe's brother. It is passionate, interesting, and confused. I applaud Mr. Wolfe's family devotion if not his taste in expressing it. Abuse is never argument; it curves backward like a boomerang. I would like to answer Mr. Wolfe at length, but this letter of mine is already long. I will, however, take up a few of the points Mr. Wolfe makes.

To begin with, he is innocently unaware of the interior evidence and connotations of the quotation he uses from the article "Thomas Wolfe," which Maxwell Perkins wrote for *The Harvard Library Bulletin* and which appeared after his death in the autumn of 1947. To anyone who thinks as he reads, this quotation is a deadly one. If I were Mr. Wolfe I would put it carefully away. In conjunction with the later letters to his brother that I have already mentioned as appearing in "Editor to Author," this quotation completes the evidence. Mr. Wolfe does not have to tell me, or anyone else who knew him well, what a gentle and forgiving friend Maxwell Perkins was — but, I repeat, forgiveness is not the same thing as forgetting. In a moment of insanity your best friend may shoot you, and you may forgive him, but the scar remains. In trying to explain and forgive Thomas Wolfe's behavior Maxwell Perkins, gentle and forgiving, unwittingly but accurately describes a gigantic egotist; one who, whatever his talents may have been, was willing, because of gossip and what malicious people may have said, to discard and mutilate his best friend, and the man and firm that made him famous.

Mr. Wolfe assures us that Maxwell Perkins's explanation of his brother's behavior is "absolutely and fundamentally true." This was the "fundamental reason," I agree with him completely. But then he immediately contradicts himself in a strange and venal fashion, confusing God and Mammon with more than usual illogic. He goes on to say that "the immediate break with Tom's 1937 publishers was distinctly due to a matter of finance. Tom was left broke without any balance. Just again, "the last straw to snap" (*sic*).

I'd like Scribner's to answer that one.

Mr. Wolfe mixes his straws with his camels. It was the camel who snapped, not the straw. He seems to be equally ignorant of the inner workings of publishing houses. His statement is so patently absurd as to invalidate everything else he says. At the time in question Tom Wolfe could not possibly have been "left broke" except by his own volition. There was, for one thing, the advance on his next novel had he wished it. And even without that, publishing houses do not let their star novelists starve even if they have to subsidize them. Writers are publishers'

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stock-in-trade. If Tom Wolfe told his brother that story no wonder he "felt like mourning for the dead."

And now in conclusion let me come again to Maxwell Perkins's death.

Mr. Wolfe states that he was with Maxwell Perkins many times during his last nine years and that "these were as good years for Max as any that preceded them." I congratulate him on his lack of vicarious observation. It must be very soothing. Those who knew Maxwell Perkins intimately, and those nearest and dearest to him, found him a tired and disillusioned man, obviously wounded. I have on my desk three letters from members of his immediate family. Each praises without qualification my article and thanks me for having written it. Each remarks upon the accuracy and truthfulness of what I say. I will permit myself one quotation, and I think that under the circumstances the writer will forgive the possible impinging upon confidences. Here is the quotation, and I doubt if Mr. Wolfe would possibly dare to call the writer "a fantastic liar":

> I was particularly moved by what you said about Wolfe, for I have always felt that he, almost literally, destroyed Daddy.

STRUTHERS BURT.

Moran, Wyo.

SIR: Mr. Struthers Burt has a very imperfect memory of the poem of mine of which he expresses such an unflattering opinion in his article on Maxwell Perkins. It was not "a poem about pigeons." It contained only one reference to pigeons, and that had nothing to do with the pigeons that could be seen from the windows of Scribner's. Nor did I speak of pigeons as "grinding their gears." I lived at one time across from a taxi garage, and I wrote:

Taxis, like raucous pigeons homing,
With grating gears arrest their flight,
And inarticulate children screech.

A more serious error is his statement that "with Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway" Max Perkins "changed the language and technique of writing." Scribner's published only two of Sherwood Anderson's later books: "Puzzled America," in 1935, and "Kit Brandon," in 1936. So far as I know he had nothing to do with encouraging Anderson in his early work. There is nothing about him in Anderson's memoirs, but a good deal about Horace Liveright, who, if publishers ever deserve credit for bringing out original books, ought to be remembered in this connection, as also in connection with Hemingway. It was Liveright and not Scribner's who published (in the United States) Hemingway's first book, "In Our Time," though Scribner's took him over with "The Torrents of Spring" and "The Sun Also Rises," and Hemingway's style and technique had already been fully developed by himself before he had anything to do with any American publisher.

This is not, I should add, to disparage Max Perkins's distinction as a publisher or the vividness and general truth of Mr. Burt's portrait of him.

EDMUND WILSON.

Wellfleet, Mass.

Regarding Red Barber

SIR: Goodman Ace's writing is more peppery than it is factual. As one with no pro or con feelings toward either the Yankees or the Dodgers, may I say that Mr. Ace [*SRL* July 7] has gotten his facts exactly turned about: Mel Allen is the partisan announcer and Red Barber, while not unpartisan, is by far the more unbiased in his play-by-play. I am at a loss to understand how your TV-Radio pundit arrived at his conclusions, and can only suggest as explanation the possibility that his taste runs more to Allen's style than it does to Barber's and that, being a critic, he has sought to ferret out reasons—no matter what they may be—to logically explain his preference.

LEE ROSEN.

Bronx, N. Y.

SIR: Goodman Ace's letter about the quality of Red Barber's broadcasts is such a curious document that one can only understand it through the writer's own admission to be a Giant fan. From a man of letters, though, one would not expect personal partisanship to affect his judgment to the degree where it not only misses the mark, but where it makes him indulge in a kind of journalism which is most unfair: that of making sweeping statements on the basis of insufficient evidence.

Mr. Barber, like many another sports broadcaster is engaged to tell the games on TV and radio one-hundred-fifty-four times a season. The average game, especially where the Dodgers are involved, exceeds two hours. A baseball game is full of stops and times out, during which the broadcaster can't just sit and wait until activity is resumed; he has to keep on talking and telling stories. During play he keeps score, he is handed the constantly changing batting averages of the players as they come to bat, he has to be all the time on the alert and must identify the pinchhitters and relief pitchers. I consider Mr. Barber the peer of his profession; he is remarkably cool and restrained in his preference for the Dodgers; and the critic should realize that a broadcaster lives with the same club for the greater part of the year (aside from the fact that he is paid to make the club even more interesting to the public, to lure people to the parks) and living with a group of people, knowing them, and probably liking many of them is bound to influence a person. From the many side-remarks which occur during a game's broadcast I find Mr. Barber a very deeply human and humane person, aside from being an educated man.

ERICH LEINSDORF.

Larchmont, N. Y.

A Dedicated Breed

SIR: Although sympathetic toward teachers and their problems, I cannot agree with Herbert Goodrich [LETTERS, *SRL* July 14] that our failure to inspire students is attributable to low salaries for teachers. I am just antiquated enough to believe that real teachers are a dedicated breed. The material rewards are, indeed, too small. But the satisfaction can be enormous. It is here the teacher must find "inpiration to inspire," not in the pay check.

What are these opportunities for creative contribution and reward? Unless teaching is becoming a mere trade, consider these: exploring the virgin mind of the student; fanning the fire in young eyes; stirring the passion for inquiry; leading the dance along steep margins of truth. Then the blinding joy of watching the one student in a thousand pounce upon an idea.

The teacher who is unmoved by these possibilities is a pitiful spectacle; not because he is underpaid, but because he is miscast.

EDWARD H. DARE.

Noroton, Conn.

SIR: Mr. Goodrich's defense of the teachers does not deny either of these two facts mentioned in my article: (1) that an appallingly large number of the graduates of our schools are not book readers or (2) that "in some cases the emphasis in teaching is on its occupational status . . ." Mr. Goodrich's quarrel with me is on the basis of the inference which he assumes I draw from these facts: teachers are not justified in working for the betterment of their salaries and working conditions. But an equally clear inference—and the one that I would actually draw—is that until teachers' salaries and working conditions are such as to make possible the purchase of books and the leisure in which to read them we cannot expect the teaching profession to attract many teachers who can infect the students with their own enthusiasm for the book.

Mr. Goodrich is a reader of the *SRL*—a fact which indicates that he has maintained his interest in books despite his financial plight, but he cannot deny, I think, that many teachers whose salaries are as good or better than his and whose working conditions are equally favorable "cannot afford" the time and money to read the *SRL*. The chances are very good that increased salaries and improved occupational status would not automatically make book readers and users of such teachers. In the end it is the character of the individual and not his economic security which makes of him the kind of teacher we seek.

LESTER ASHEIM.

Chicago, Ill.

Free Press in India

SIR: I am glad to note that, unlike the vast majority of American publications, yours is capable of viewing Indian problems objectively, without bias, and in proper perspective. This

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N. C. has clearly shown in his editorial "Free Press and Free Enterprise" [*SRL* June 2].

It is time American editors realized that their policy of picking on any internal Indian problem and converting it into a club with which to beat the person of our Prime Minister has only served to create resentment in the country against foreign interference in our internal affairs. This policy of converting internal opposition to any action of the Government of India into a private attack against the person of Prime Minister Nehru has been a regular feature of the American and British press of late.

No government can function without an Opposition and the Indian Government is no exception. We as Indian citizens are free to fight our Government whenever it adopts any measure to which we object and we shall continue to do so, if and when necessary.

No Indian newspaper takes advantage of the attacks of such magazines as *Time* and *Life* on President Truman and his policies or of Senator McCarthy's vitriolic attacks on Mr. Acheson to discredit or lower the prestige of the person of the President or the Secretary of State abroad. They are content to consider them as purely internal matters and to treat them as such. Is it, then, too much to expect American newspapers to do the same?

A. Correia-Afonso.

Belgaum, India.

Report from Hiroshima

Sir: I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the editors and readers of *SRL* on behalf of 180 boys and girls for the kindness which has been given to our Ninoshima-Gakuen Orphanage in Hiroshima.

The children's minds, wounded from the war, are being healed by the moral adoption system. The morally adopted children are intimately corresponding with their foster parents, foster families, and even with foster families' relatives, as if these were their old acquaintances. They have much pleasure in the correspondence and are especially interested in knowing about the conditions of your country and of the places where their foster families are living. There are no national borders for them. They seem to have lived even more happily than children who have their own parents, receiving nice presents for their birthday or at other occasions. They were pleased to have received clothes, sporting goods, and school things, which were all very nice.

Five years have passed since our orphanage was founded. Formerly we faced many economic difficulties, but now we are greatly released from the difficulties, due to your readers' kindness. We were able to enlarge our educational budget, and I wish to extend my deepest thanks to you and all the contributors for their contributions, for now we can send some children to senior high schools with the help of the fund, three to general high schools, and one to a musical senior high school, according to their abilities. And we are planning to construct a children's library with some part of the fund. The books for the library are already prepared and

they are waiting for the day when the library will be completed.

This noble movement has had a strong influence not only in Hiroshima, but also in many other places. We thank God that the spiritual ties between the morally adopting parents and morally adopted children are tightening for peace and liberty in the world.

Yoshimaro Mori,
Director,
Ninoshima Gakuen Orphanage.

Hiroshima, Japan.

Secrecy and the H-Bomb

Sir: Our attention has been called to the following paragraph in a review by David Bradley of William L. Laurence's "The Hell Bomb" and Gerald Wendt's "Atomic Energy and the Hydrogen Bomb" [*SRL* Jan. 6]:

> Dr. Thirring then gave me a little book entitled "The History of the Atom Bomb," which he had published in 1946. The last chapters are devoted to a discussion of the "superatombomb." Because of the American secrecy regulations, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* had not been permitted to review it until early 1950.

We were interested to know whether there was any basis for the allegation that secrecy regulations prevented the editors of the *Bulletin* from reviewing the Thirring book, and queried Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, editor, on this point.

Dr. Rabinowitch wrote that the book was reviewed in the *Bulletin* in April 1948, and the chapter concerning the theory of the thermo-nuclear or super bomb is specifically mentioned in the review. The text of the chapter was published as an article in the *Bulletin* in March 1950. In this connection Dr. Rabinowitch writes: "We refrained from publishing the Thirring article earlier not under any outside pressure, but through a decision of our own."

Robert Tumbelson,
Public Information Service,
Atomic Energy Comm.

Washington, D. C.

Sir: Since Mr. Tumbleson of the AEC suggests that there has been no effort to suppress, by regulations, discussion of the H-Bomb, and since Dr. Rabinowitch states that such suppression has been the "decision" of the editors of the *Bulletin*, let me therefore gladly amend my statement to read: "Because of the American secrecy *obsession*, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* did not review Dr. Thirring's discussion of H-Bombs for four years . . ."

The secrecy program, as it operates, has been repeatedly criticized by scientists as doing us more harm scientifically than it did anyone else. It is equally true, I think, that psychologically, it has done us a vast amount of damage: it has goaded us with spurs of fear, suspicion, ignorance; it has exhausted our reserves of common sense based upon common knowledge; it has contributed to the suicidal notion that in this world only bombs can bring us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Might I suggest that the secrecy program really amounts to three concentric spheres of secrecy? The first sphere is the area of actual scientific secrets, as known to scientists. They have, I think without exception, proven themselves entirely able to guard this area. (The *Bulletin* says: "Apparently the only people to take secrecy in atomic matters seriously are the much-abused scientists—and the equally maligned Atomic Energy Commission.")

The second area, necessarily larger, is covered by military regulations and by the security requirements laid down by the AEC under the McMahon Act. It is this area which the scientist regards as too large, preventing the necessary free flow of experimental data from one phase of research to another, and blocking the natural cross-fertilization of ideas from one professional group to another. To the politician and the layman this area is often regarded as too small. Attacks, however ridiculous, such as that made by Senator Hickenlooper on Mr. Lilienthal and the AEC automatically extend its boundaries. These attacks may relieve the Senator's constipated adrenal glands; they invariably injure the very scientific research they are supposed to protect.

The third and outermost circle of secrecy is vague in outline and intended to indicate the indefinable zone covered by what the politician and many others regard as secret. As long as the disparity between actual (1) and presumed (3) secrecy remains great scientists will continue to be hounded out of government work, particularly the ablest men who can write their own tickets. It would be unfair to the individuals to mention how many of our ablest scientists have been driven away from vital research in this fashion, but the list is impressive.

How does all this apply to the discussion over the H-bomb? It means simply that Americans, as I have written previously, have been kept in the dark (about these unsecret H-bomb matters) for four unprofitable years.

Here is what the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* says (March 1950) in an editorial:

> For four years this *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has faced the question whether or not to publish the article by Prof. Thirring (or other articles on the subject of thermo-nuclear experiments which it could easily have obtained . . .) We have refrained from doing so because we feared that any discussion of this subject might foster the belief that America was actively engaged in developing thermo-nuclear weapons, and that this might stimu-

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late the atomic arms race and further exacerbate international relations.

I wonder how many doleful fallacies are inherent in this confession?

A.) The first is contained in the title of the editorial, "Secrets Will Out." What "secrets"? Certainly not scientific secrets (Area 1). Senator Johnson, who broached the subject of H-Bombs, does not know any; and the editors of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* do not publish any. When Dr. Hans Bethe worked out the hydrogen-helium reaction on the sun (about 1937) hydrogen bombs became an academic possibility; when the first A-bomb exploded in New Mexico, 1945, the H-bomb became an engineering possibility. These events were not of themselves important; what was important was the vast accumulation of scientific knowledge in many parts of the world which had been going on for at least 150 years and which made these events possible. Science of this kind is no American monopoly. Indeed it seems that we are in greater danger of not learning what new advancements are taking place "behind the curtain" than from anything we may inadvertently "give away."

B.) The second fallacy is confessed to by the entire editorial, "Secrets Will Out"—secrets, that is, of Area 3, "secrets" as defined by the politician, the newspaperman, and public opinion. "For four years the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* has faced the question whether or not to publish this (or other) articles" on thermo-nuclear reactions. As though, by their own self-censorship, they could prevent the discussion! Again, I would point out that since 1937 there was no way of preventing informed lay speculation about it. Moreover, in 1946 Mr. J. J. McCloy publicly mentioned the possibility of making light-particle bombs with a power 1,000 lbs. that of Hiroshima's bomb. In 1946 Dr. Thirring's book was published in Europe, which described in great detail the possibilities and difficulties. In 1947 the *Bulletin* published an article by Dr. Tellor of Los Alamos in which he mentioned super-bombs of 1,000 lbs. the power of Hiroshima's bomb, and in which he stated he thought such developments a real likelihood. In April 1948 the *Bulletin* published a brief review of Dr. Thirring's book in which, again, the light-particle weapon is mentioned, although the whole subject is carefully skirted. So, in effect, the editors felt compelled to keep secret (secrets of Area 3) material which was flowing all around them and obviously leaking through their own fingers. Why?

I certainly attach no blame to their decision. We have all contributed to and suffered from the concept of Area 3 secrets. As *Time* (Mar. 27, 1950) put it: "Many U. S. scientists, including those not connected with military research, are afraid to talk about the hydrogen bomb. They have seen too many colleagues pilloried for discussing classified information *even though it may have been known for years to all the scientific world.* In the current issue, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* for once feeling no such fears, carries an article which describes in detail . . . etc. Few U. S. scientists would dare to make such figures public. The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* had run on to an exception. Its article on the H-Bomb is a reprint from a book by a well-known Austrian physicist, Hans Thirring, who had no access to secret information."

"What do you say when anyone asks you what do you want to be when you grow up?"

I point out that, by its own admission, the editors of the *Bulletin* had run on to this "exception" (as did literate people in Europe) four years earlier. Their reason for having kept it "secret" is out of fear that it would give people the impression we were working on H-Bombs, and therefore intensify the arms race.

C.) This, it seems to me, is the third major fallacy in all this discussion. Of course we were working on H-bombs! H-bombs will only be made by scientists, and some of our best scientists have been working on H-bombs since before the New Mexico tests. And, of course, their colleagues in England, France, Germany, Russia knew that we were working on H-bombs—as they were too. They didn't need Dr. Fuchs to tell them that.

D.) The final fallacy is obvious: namely, that a discussion of H-bomb probabilities would have an adverse effect on the atomic arms race. Are we to presume that such a discussion will wake Russian scientists out of some dream of sweet peace? I don't know how long it will take us to learn that Russia and her able scientists are not in the slightest way influenced by such misplaced moralizing. Except to be encouraged and amused by the spectacle. If anything, their scientists are probably working day and night on the same hydrogen bomb—living on intravenous vodka made from heavy water, and I doubt if the WCTU can do anything about it.

Which brings me back to my original points: namely that scientists can be trusted with these secrets (Area 1), that the AEC and the military are entirely competent to administer legal secrets (Area 2), and that both scientifically and psychologically much of our secrecy program (mainly Area 3) has been a futile and damaging misconception.

The *Bulletin* (Mar. 1950) goes on to add: "There is little doubt that the Administration is disconcerted by the publicity given the hydrogen bomb and would like to see the discussion ended. The compensation for having revealed our concern over thermonuclear weapons to a potential enemy is to be the fostering of an informed public opinion."

I say again, I understand well what external forces compelled the editors to postpone fostering an informed public opinion for four long unprofitable years. I regret that that courageous and extraordinarily effective group of men, the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, who did such great work in 1945 and 1946, are not still active in informing public opinion.

One of those scientists has recently called it a "conspiracy of official silence on matters of deep concern to all Americans." But it is more than an official conspiracy; it is a psychosis to which we have all contributed—scientists, officials, editors, and readers alike. Area 3 secrets have become a hypnotic spell. We really don't seem to want an informed public opinion, whatever the cost. So that when our best scientists say, like Dr. Urey, "If we would only forget secrecy and regard it as the wholly unimportant subject that it is, progress in all lines of scientfic benefit to the U. S. and to the world would be enormously increased," we reply: "And tell the Russians something? Nix!" As though an ignorant American public is the best guarantee of producing ignorant Soviet scientists!

And so we continue to lock all barn doors to save our horses—not realizing that nearly everybody today is riding around in automobiles.

DAVID BRADLEY.

Manchester, N. H.

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Seeing Things

MANHATTAN'S THOREAU

THIRTY YEARS AGO Brooks Atkinson, then an assistant to H. T. Parker on the *Boston Transcript,* reviewed a Harvard Dramatic Club production of François Coppée's four-character play, "The Violins of Cremona." He had nice things to say about three of the four undergraduate actors. But the rest of the cast, he concluded, "sputtered and spurted." As I happened to be the rest of the cast, I have been reading Mr. Atkinson with increasing pleasure ever since.

I have known him as a friend for more than a quarter of a century. I have marveled at the felicity, wisdom, and perception of his dramatic criticism in *The New York Times* these many years. I have followed with pride his war career as a correspondent, first at Chungking and then at Moscow, which won him the Pulitzer Prize for Journalism in 1947. I have read his fine essays on Thoreau and Emerson, those fellow Yankees whose spirit he shares. And devoured all of his books from "Skyline Promenades," "Henry Thoreau, Cosmic Yankee," and "East of the Hudson" to "The Cingalese Prince" and "Broadway Scrapbook." Yet even now I find myself sputtering and spurting again when I try to suggest the dimension and the quality of the man who emerges from the pages of Mr. Atkinson's newest volume, "Once Around the Sun."*

Mr. Atkinson's is a very personal book. Although this is what all books should be and all good ones are, books that are signed by their authors in almost every sentence are rarer than one might think. All too many books could have been written by any number of people. They spill from a kind of Willow Run of competence and possess no individual color or flavor. They speak to others without speaking for the men who wrote them. Everything is in them except their authors.

One of the beckoning virtues of "Once Around the Sun" is that Mr. Atkinson and only Mr. Atkinson could have felt and thought and phrased it. His diary of a year's living is as intimate as a late evening's talk with him or a walk along Manhattan's bustling waterfront or a visit in the country. In truth it is more revealing than such sharings of his mind and insights, his hopes and hobbies, could hope to be because, luckily, no one is present to interrupt him. What he has to say concisely and eloquently, with a shining honesty and directness, merits more than passing attention. It deserves underscoring, rereading, and reflection. It is the kind of comment on countless subjects that one wants to go back to, fearful of forgetting, anxious to absorb.

The census takers tell us there are more than eight million people living (or existing) in New York City. I feel safe in wagering that among all those millions there is not a single person quite like Mr. Atkinson. Or one who, in his phrase, "practises mortality" in his fashion on this overcrowded island. He manages to resist the stampede of the herd and remain an individual in the midst of a mob. His only eccentricity is his sanity; his only oddity is that, surrounded by so many who are frantic or rudderless, he continues to be calm and to follow his own course.

Though no one has spoken more discerningly about living in New York than Mr. Atkinson, he is not the typical Manhattanite. Plainly he is not by temperament the cigarette type. He exudes the mythical placidity of the pipe-smoker. His very appearance makes clear that he is blessed with a philosopher's serenity. His fellow aisle-sitters have been gradually battered by the calendar, but Mr. Atkinson has somehow eluded its blows.

His face is singularly free of those fretful creases, puffs, and saggings which mark a troubled man's erosion. His mustache may have some gray in it, but his hair, which admits no open spaces, is an unworried black. His grayish-blue eyes are wonderfully clear. They are as quick to reflect thoughts or humor as they are to catch the markings and contours of a hermit thrush or a Henslow's sparrow. Mr. Atkinson never seems to be in a hurry even when scurrying up an aisle to meet a midnight deadline or pushing his way through Broadway crowds to reach his desk at the *Times.* Although his body is slight and wiry, his photographs tell the real truth about him by making him look larger than he is—except in spirit. It is not often that the smiling, lusty stuffs of gaiety and the good, solid granite of character (not to forget a capacity for exaltation) are so mixed in one person.

Did Diogenes search for an honest man? He would have found one in Mr. Atkinson. He is one person in an age cursed with neuroses, fears, surrenders, and complexes, who seems complicated (if not unbelievable) only because he has not lost his simplicity. He is the least slick city-slicker imaginable. He is a summer farmer who carries the country with him into Cosmopolis and finds nature thriving there in spite of bricks and asphalt. New York with all its pressures has been unable to corrupt him. He is a sophisticate in a larger sense of the word than urban cliff-dwellers understand. Though an omnivorous reader and an incessant and untiring playgoer, his cultivation does not stop with books or plays. Life is his province. Not cocktail-party life, which he despises; nor café society homelessness and exhibitionism; nor white-collar conformity; nor life as it trickles into those eddies known as literary cliques. No, not any of these. But life in war-torn China or Russia, life on his farm, life on New York's streets and piers, wild life and the seasonal changes of nature, life wherever the sun shines and the human spirit is tested.

MR. ATKINSON is a follower of Thoreau whose odd choice for a Walden Pond has been Manhattan. Although the theatre may be his profession and one at which he excels, no make-believe can blind him to reality. Arcturus, Sirius, and Procyon are stars that he watches with perhaps greater affection than he does those twinkling on Broadway. His contention is that "in the ideal sense nothing is uninteresting; there are only uninterested people." Count Mr. Atkinson among the lucky ones, the passionately interested. Count him among those (and they are rare) who have a genius for full living; who can immerse themselves in what each day offers and are tinglingly aware of what goes on around them.

Small things no less than large concern him. The character of his neighbors, the sights and sounds of Manhattan, history made and history in the making, the glories and the shams of art, the possibilities of man's being and becoming, "the root and muscle

*ONCE AROUND THE SUN. By Brooks Atkinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 376 pp. $4.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF • STEPHANIE AUGUSTINE
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

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LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
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IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
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"A VASTLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL COMEDY!"—Atkinson, Times
A NEW MUSICAL
SHIRLEY BOOTH / JOHNNY JOHNSTON
in
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA., 252 W. 52nd St.
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Leland Hayward presents

Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

of America," "the fundamentals of human activity"—all these and many more are among the absorptions which, because they enliven his life, have found their way into his book.

What holds a special fascination for Mr. Atkinson? The Hudson, the "mature river . . . benign as well as beautiful," upon which his apartment faces. Every freighter and steamer that travels its tranquil waters linking New York with the far reaches of the earth. Birds, keenly observed and charmingly written about; birds individualized and yet seen as spokesmen for cosmic forces. The changing stars, and for the same reason. Gardens. His farm. His friends. New York's bad living but electric thinking. Its skyscrapers trying not to see the dirt on the pavements below them. His job, which he loves, and the *Times*, which he also loves, and the schedule of night work and daytime wanderings which they make possible. Newspapers, especially on long quiet evenings when hours can be squandered poking into their "savory corners" for the tidbits of news. Writing, preferably "plain writing by men who have had experiences outside the library"; above all, clear writing. The therapy of such manual labor as painting a barn or building a bathroom cabinet. Election Day, which Mr. Atkinson thinks he enjoys more than any other day. His work as a Grand Juror. Or Thursday, the brightest day of each week because it brings the "incomparable" *New Yorker*.

In "Once Around the Sun" Mr. Atkinson has his many entries for the birthdays of such men as Thomas Paine, Jackson, Jefferson, Whitman, Audubon, Thoreau, and Melville; for such anniversaries as the *Clermont*'s sailing, the signing of the U. N. charter, Pearl Harbor, Washington's inauguration, and the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty; and for such holidays as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Yom Kippur, and May Day (when local Communists and those in Russia like "arctic lemmings . . . are marching to their own destruction"). These commemorative essays provoke Mr. Atkinson into little gems of biography, political comment, observations of inspired common sense, or paragraphs sweetened with philosophy. They find him once again, as with ships, birds, or stars, looking for the inter-relationship between things; in this case, between the past and the present.

When asked to define his religious beliefs, Mr. Atkinson falls back on that almost forgotten New England word "Transcendentalist." Transcendentalism, says he, was "basically a religious philosophy that saw God . . .

(*Continued on page 33*)

"For this woman—David, the Lion of Judah, conqueror of Goliath, broke God's own commandment!"

Soon
20th Century-Fox presents the Warrior... the Woman... the World of

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
captured in Color by TECHNICOLOR
starring
GREGORY PECK
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and a cast of many thousands!
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starring
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with JOE E. BROWN
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION
Robert Sterling · Agnes Moorehead
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Color by TECHNICOLOR
From the Immortal Musical Play "SHOW BOAT"
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Based on EDNA FERBER'S Novel
Screen Play by John Lee Mahin
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ON THE GREAT STAGE — "SUMMER MEDLEY" — A gala new revue, produced by Russell Markert . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige.

It's BELVEDERE Laugh-Time at the ROXY
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20th CENTURY-FOX presents
CLIFTON WEBB
Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell
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starring
CAROL LYNNE · ARNOLD SHODA
and Gala Variety Revue starring
FLORIAN ZABACH

SRL Goes to the Movies

DISNEY AGAINST BUNIN, OR VICE VERSA

TWO MOVIE versions of "Alice in Wonderland" are being released simultaneously in what looks like a very funny coincidence indeed, and it is now up to the moviegoer to decide whether he wishes to see (a) Walt Disney's animated cartoon version, (b) the live-action and puppet production of Lou Bunin, (c) both, or (d) neither. For those in the (a) and (b) categories further confusion must be avoided by a careful inspection of the theatre marquee in order to determine which Alice is being shown. Walt Disney obviously envisioned this problem for those who would prefer to see his handiwork, and in order to make it as easy as possible for them to patronize the right box-office, tried for a court order that would restrain the other Alice from being shown for a while. The verdict, however, very sensibly made clear that there was to be no monopoly on Alice, since the initial story credit belonged to an author long dead and long revered.

When the possibility was mentioned that it might be desirable to see neither of these movies, I had in mind the theory that it takes the book itself to provide the truest and deepest delights to be had from Alice's adventures, a theory all but proven by five previous attempts to cinemize "Alice in Wonderland." Both companies spent a long and expensive time on their productions, and yet something that it would be hard to call anything but the Lewis Carroll spirit has resisted transference by them from the printed page to the screen. Having sounded the warning, we may now pit Disney against Bunin, or vice versa.

There is very little doubt in my mind that if one of the versions is to be preferred it is the Disney one, this in spite of the fact that Disney has taken more liberties with story and sequence than Mr. Bunin. Mr. Bunin, who has gathered considerable renown as a creator of puppets, deserves at least some praise for keeping to events as they occur in the book, but almost everywhere else along the line his work misses fire. Somehow the puppets themselves are almost ugly in conception; they lack charm and humor, certainly; and their animation, done in stop-motion photography (the technique used so superbly in "The Emperor's Nightingale"), is stilted and quite unconvincing. Not only are their surfaces and textures repellent, but the characters given them are cold and unpleasant. The White Rabbit is slimy and Machiavellian, the Cheshire cat grins too evilly, the lizards are flat-headed, beady-eyed, more like creatures in a nightmare than in a curious and nonsensical dream. There were enduring warmth and great wit in Lewis Carroll's telling; there is none in what

Disney's "Alice"—"no monopoly."

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Lou Bunin and his associates have done. We do have a live Alice in contrast to the cardboard cartoon girl of Disney, and she is pleasant enough as played by a young English actress, Carol Marsh.

In the Bunin version we meet her first at Oxford, where in a long and astoundingly dull prologue we are given some of the events that led the professor of mathematics to compose his fantasy. The sequence is singularly flat and lacking in humor; unfortunately, so is the puppet fantasy that follows. Add to this crude editing the poor Ansco color processing, along with some musical sequences that are hardly inspired, even though the verses used are Carroll's, and one wonders why the work was not shelved entirely.

ON THE other hand, while Walt Disney also fails to match much of the wit and quality of the original, what he has done is often spirited and charming; and there are moments where he is superb. Nevertheless, he seldom equals his first full-length cartoon, "Snow White," perhaps because that little tale required him to invent and fashion his own fantasy world, rather than borrow the one of Alice. The character drawings are based broadly on the Tenniel illustrations, but they have been made bolder and more comic in outline, and their politely Victorian quality has been entirely removed. He has also arranged the chronology of "Alice in Wonderland" so that it can include some of the flora and fauna to be found in "Through the Looking Glass." And he has added some not always happy touches of his

Bunin's "Alice"—"funny coincidence."

"and our bones ache"

Despina is a six-year-old war orphan. Her father contracted tuberculosis in the Greek Army. He was released and sent back to his village and family. There, the disease was communicated to the mother, while she was nursing her husband. They both died this past winter. The child writes this in a letter to her American Foster Parents.

"You are my only hope in life, as I am a complete orphan. I live with my Granny, who is very old, and my little sister. When our mother and father died last winter, Granny burned the mattresses and the covers they had on their beds. And now we sleep on the very hard boards . . . and our bones ache."

This child is but one of thousands needing help. Many have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a foster parent, or by contributing funds for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. As a faster parent you will receive a case history and photograph of your child. Your child is told clearly how he is being helped and that you are his foster parent. Children thus feel that they have a friend, rather than someone who is just giving them charity. Correspondence through our office is encouraged so that you can ask the child questions about health and welfare that you would want to know if these were truly your own children.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities—in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

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own (such as a talking, grimacing doorknob). The result is more in the nature of a Disney in Wonderland. This means some truly remarkable animation and coloring, a continuously flowing movement, and likably grotesque creatures, even though, as in the case of Tweedledee and Tweedledum, their original natures have been sometimes altered; also, now and then, there are sentimentality and lapses of taste.

His greatest lapse concerns Alice herself, a pale and insipid sister to Snow White. In the prologue she listens to her sister's history reading in a banal and sentimentalized English countryside that is as annoying as the choir of "heavenly" voices coming over the sound-track. They sound like the chastened ghosts of the Andrews Sisters. But when the White Rabbit comes along, a fussier and gentler creature than Mr. Bunin's by far, and she follows him through the long vertical corridor to Wonderland, matters are considerably improved. And when she begins to expand and shrink she takes on more life. The world she enters is bright and lively, and the voices of the creatures she meets heighten the fun; these have been provided with great spirit by a crew that includes Ed Wynn, Richard Haydn, Sterling Holloway, and Jerry Colonna. The musical score is for the most part catchy and likable, but one of the songs, "Twas Brillig," is a tasteless error.

The Duchess, who beat her child when he sneezed, has been eliminated by Mr. Disney, for some unaccountable reason, but his Queen of Hearts shouts "Off with his (or her) head!" as often and stentoriously as anyone could wish. I was satisfied by the tea party, with Ed Wynn voicing the Mad Hatter, but the high point came for me when Alice met the caterpillar. He blows smoke rings in the shape of letters of the alphabet and, in the voice of Richard Haydn, delivers a stern vowel lesson. One has the feeling that if Lewis Carroll were alive he would have roundly applauded Mr. Haydn.

But for the rest, fun as it often is, the peculiar magic atmosphere inherent in the book is missing. Walt Disney has abilities enough to create a wonderful world of whimsey and nonsense, but it is a far different world from that of Lewis Carroll. There is a wonderland of sorts here, and there are charm and comedy in it, but it is quickly assimilated and perhaps as quickly forgotten. The "real one" is elsewhere, to be discovered and rediscovered whenever one feels the mood to enter it.

—Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

TWO BRAVOS AND ONE RASPBERRY

William Warfield, baritone, is the artist that has brought me my most satisfactory TV experience since silver-minked Virginia Hill deloused a certain well-known habitué of Hollywood's Brown Derby on the Kefauver crime-hearing telecasts. Mr. Warfield appeared on NBC's Channel 4 in the program "Recital Hall."

Mr. Warfield sang—that is all. His selections were familiar items in concert repertoire—Monteverdi, Schubert, Brahms, Delibes, Debussy, Copland, and two Negro spirituals. Furthermore, no orchestra supported the baritone; merely an accomplished accompanist at the piano. The setting was a bare concert stage, a grand, and a draped curtain at the rear. Mr. Warfield wore white tie and tails; so did his assisting artist. Formality was the keynote: the stylized conventions of the concert platform were scrupulously observed, in the restraint of gesture and in the immobility of face.

The program's producers had addressed themselves to the icon-challenging task of duplicating on video the exact experience of a concert recital. The only movement essayed by the camera was very slow in-and-out and right-and-left panning. At times it seemed as if the director were attempting to synchronize his camera-phrasing with the singer's phrasing of his music. The effect, if intended, was excellent, if tentative. The director should pursue this path more boldly.

Television's technical apparatus was run in low gear to accent Mr. Warfield's artistry—and that artistry extruded with a brilliant luminescence. The baritone's vocal production was faultless, his tone rich and rangy, and his communication of mood and idea versatile in nuance, power, and humor.

"Recital Hall" was scheduled but canceled another Sunday for a special NBC-TV news program about the Midwest's big flood. Fredell Lack, violinist, was to have appeared. NBC enterprisingly whipped its newsreel coverage of the Missouri flood together in a hurry, but I found myself wishing that the network had axed some other program rather than "Recital Hall" to get on the air. I was eager to see whether the concert idea on TV was as exciting with any competent artist as it was, to me, with William Warfield. With Mr. Warfield "Recital Hall" re-persuaded me that neither motion nor the lack of it is the decisive factor in TV's maximum impact; this honor is reserved, as in all arts, for emotion—genuine, great, and good.

A candidate for the most unsatisfactory experience I have had in a long time, staring at TV—and you have to bat high to get into that league—was CBS-Channel 2 number called "Wonderful Town" with the inescapable Miss Faye Emerson.

Miss Emerson has gone peripatetic for her sponsor, Pepsi-Cola, in her new format. She pilgrimages to American cities, "covering" them for her fans. Whatever the effervescent Faye does on television, she does with more synthetic bounce to the ounce. In this particular broadcast she "covered" Minneapolis and remembered St. Paul. A few statistics, a puerile conversation piece with newsman Cedric Adams, a floogle of folk-dancing and singing, smorgasbord (with Pepsi, of course, "cool and sparkling as a lake in Minnesota"), native Richard Carlson making like Paul Bunyan in a store-bought lumberjacket and shouldering a most unlegendary axe, and the platitudes of political life with Senator Hubert Humphrey in a fishing boat. When the arrogance had cleared Miss Emerson apologized for not "covering everything: it's only a half-hour show." Then Pepsi's pretty pilgrim was off to "brush up" on Greenwich Village. Oh yes, Miss Emerson opened the banalities with a couplet, to wit: "Land of lakes and duck and fish—Tonight we visit Minneapolish."

Faye Emerson is bright and glittering. Her sophisticated skitterings are as you please in the Cafe Society idiom. Lacquered on Americana, they are gauche. If I were a Minneapolishian I would insist on a duel with bottle-caps at ten polkas. If she ever "covers" Westport, Connecticut, I will write my selectman a letter.

The best radio documentary to come out of CBS since Patty Painter's color-TV blush became World Problem No. 1 at 485 Madison Avenue was "The

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Narcotic Evil," the first of a six-program series on "the pattern of organized crime in America," under the encompassing title "The Nation's Nightmare." Irving Gitlin wrote and produced it, newscaster Bill Downs narrated, and CBS affiliated station staffs assisted in putting the program together.

"Narcotic Evil" was built around a skeleton of actual tape-recorded vignettes collected from various cities. Fleshed around them was Bill Downs's commentary on the who, what, when, where, and why of the addict-peddler-big operator complex, and a brief, declarative pin-pointing of what can be done about it.

Mr. Gitlin and his associates showed highly welcome "get out on the streets and to the people" enterprise in gathering some of the program spots. The inhuman growling of a suffering addict on a New Orleans street and the actual purchase of a capsule of heroin from a dope-peddler in Chicago, in a car wired for sound, were arresting and attention-compelling. Showmanship and sociology were dramatically combined in the Seattle girl's story of an unwanted pregnancy leading to an abortion and a poisoned relationship with her mother which, in turn, led to the girl taking up the dope habit.

The present flurry of network documentaries on crime, of course, have not the depth of motive they should have. We are experiencing a periodic crest in the old cycle of public indignation over exposure of hidden sin. The sinner, as usual, is the other fellow—the drug addict, peddler, gambler, Lucky Luciano, or Frank Costello. He is not respectable, middle-class you and I. Therefore, nobody minds hitting out at him. The networks skirt with circumspection, however, the sharp probe into the underlying social matrix that seems, for one thing, to produce more Negro addicts than white. This, in the rationale of the commercial broadcasters, is called "keeping abreast of and reflecting the times rather than leading them."

That, however, is not Mr. Gitlin's burden. Within the limitations of his opportunity he produced a sound, terse, and well-paced show on narcotics, expertly and sensitively edited, and narrated with conviction by Bill Downs. Bravo, CBS!

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jimmy Valentine. 2. Ortheris. 3. Nokomis. 4. Ahasuerus. 5. Tosca. 6. Horatius. 7. Auguste Dupin. 8. Noman. 9. Starveling. 10. Wilhelmine. 11. Israel Hands. 12. Friday. 13. Tracy Tupman.

SEEING THINGS

(*Continued from page 29*)

here and now in the midst of the workaday world, the animating force behind every creative impulse. . . . I like the warmth, brightness, confidence, and hope of the transcendentalist universe in which I am related to all men and all growing things and am not shut off from anything except by my own ignorance or the feebleness of my own vitality."

This may come close to stating Mr. Atkinson's philosopy. It may explain why he so resolutely believes with Emerson in the "infinitude of the private man." It may be the key to his proper distrust of pure intellect, his conviction that "culture should include the whole man," and his insistence that "books are not primary sources" since "there is no substitute for people." But it does not give us the whole Atkinson. It does not cover the cracker-barrel sage with a gift for poetic phrasing who knows "it is better to win a war than to lose it, but not much better"; and who is aware that, since the government is composed of people, it can be only as good as average people. Nor does it take into account Mr. Atkinson's chuckling and warm sense of humor. "Trust only the men who laugh with relish," he advises. Then he admits, "I trust Shakespeare more than Corneille, Mark Twain more than Henry James, Robert Frost more than T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway more than Thomas Mann. They do not expect to vanquish folly from the world overnight."

I hope I have in no way done Mr. Atkinson the injustice of painting him as an unthinking optimist. But neither is he a pessimist of the whining variety that finds pleasure in pain. He just happens to see life plain, to face it unafraid, and to live it (as he says of the young sea-going Melville) with the exaltation of a man who has joined the universe on its own terms. He has no longing for the good old days. He finds the present engrossing if for no other reason than that he has survived and absorbed the horrors of the modern world undaunted. He knows the average man well enough to place his faith in him, no matter how much governments may blunder or international events discourage him. It is not surprising that twice he commends famous men for their "moral grandeur." Moral grandeur is something Mr. Atkinson himself possesses. One reason he is so fine a writer is that he is so fine a man.

—John Mason Brown.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE LADY MINISTER & SOME SCHNITZELS FROM WIEN

AS DISTURBED as the next man about the vital problems of our day, I have been gnawed at incessantly of late concerning the effect of Mrs. Perle Mesta's gregariousness upon the flow of tourists to Luxembourg, a European country to which she is the official United States diplomatic representative. After ceding sixty cents to the New York Bell Telephone Company (the rate in New York is now ten cents a call) I managed to conclude satisfactory negotiations with Mrs. Mesta, and on the night before she was scheduled to return to Europe after a few weeks' visit to the United States I met with her in her suite at the Hotel Drake on Park Avenue.

She turned out to be a nice-looking Hokinsonian lady with pearly teeth, and the evening on which I visited her she wore a big smile and a gray suit with a fluffy gray blouse. The big smile came from years of party-giving, I decided, and she informed me that the suit and blouse came from Jacques Griffe, a Paris couturier. "It's Paris," was the way she put it. "Jacques Griffe, Paris. Get everything there, just everything."

While in the United States Mrs. Mesta said she'd "just been hoppin' on and off planes." She gave over a dozen speeches, talking two or three times a day. Frequently she would speak before 500 ladies at lunch and have a turnout of 2,000 at tea. That very thing happened in Oklahoma. "The audiences were very nice and very responsive, and I spoke to some Republican audiences, too," she said. In one month I was all the way to San Francisco and back, mostly for the Federation of Women's Clubs. They represent 17,000,000 women, so you know I must have given away 17,000,000 state secrets."

I asked Mrs. Mesta about tourism in Luxembourg, and she said, "I always encourage it. Listen, I don't have *everybody*, but there are these tourist groups of sixty to eighty and I give them cakes and cokes in the garden. I do just as much entertaining as I did in Washington. I received one group at 7:30 in the morning. They were from the Sherwood Music School in Chicago and they were leaving. I've had the Whitneys, you know, Sonny Whitney and Eleanor. I've just had Senators and Congressmen. They're popping in all the time. And lots of Ambassadors.

"They just love the tourists in Luxembourg. There's no place on the Continent where Americans are more beloved."

I asked Mrs. Mesta how her entertaining in Luxembourg differed from her parties in Washington which first brought her into public view. "I can't see that it does differ," she answered. "My life is just as busy. There are your own affairs. Your speaking. I speak all over Germany and France. I talk to the German-American or the French-American clubs and I tell them about American women in politics and how to take care of their home and their family and still have time for civic work.

"I have my long dinners same as Washington, and even my GI parties don't differ much." I asked her about her GI parties: she threw one on the first of every month, and the guests ranged anywhere from 200 to 1,000. Any member of the Armed Forces who happens to be in town is invited. "I never know how many are coming," she said. "I give 'em American food—baked beans, apple pie. There's no hard liquor, but I serve champagne. You can get everything you want if you pay for it."

I asked Mrs. Mesta if she gave the GI parties on her own, and she said, "Definitely! My chef makes all the food. He's learned from my butler. Had the butler for fifteen years. He's from Texas."

Perle Mesta—"life is just as busy."

When the party starts, Mrs. Mesta informed me, she invites any boy who would like to have her write his mother to give his name to her secretary. "I sit down and talk to the boys and then I write to their mothers. I just tell them how their boys are looking. I've had 1,200 letters thanking me." Mrs. Mesta pulled a wad of letters from a briefcase and thumbed through them affectionately. She handed me a few, and as I looked through them I asked her if anyone else had seen the letters. "I'm not going to say who saw them," she said. I asked her if the President had seen them, and she said, "No comment," just like a diplomat.

Whenever she returns from a trip back home Mrs. Mesta throws a big opening GI party, she told me. "This time we are going to have the Air Force band. Those cute things, just nineteen or twenty, away from home. It gives them a touch of home. They're just so cunning. They're Perle this and Perle that. Then they'll look shy at me and say, 'Would it be good manners if I used this fork?' I find them beautifully behaved. They'd rather have Coca-Cola. Seems more like home. Just a lot of them drink milk. Lot of them." I asked her if you could get pasteurized milk over there, and she said, "It's pasteurized and double pasteurized. Believe me, when I give it to those boys it's cleared. Then I have a big cake, big as that table," she said pointing to a piece of Chippendale.

I asked Mrs. Mesta the perennial question about "Call Me Madam," the musical comedy more or less about her life and times as a lady minister. "If I can be as good a diplomat as Ethel Merman is an actress I'll be happy," she said, intoning like the class valedictorian going through the Gettysburg Address. As a diplomat Madam Minister is at the office every day. "Don't forget," she cautions, "you have a lot of desk work to do." She thinks that the press, a sensitive point with her, has lately been kinder to her. "They've changed a little, don't you think?" she asks. "They thought I was just a party giver. They wondered what I was going to do over there, and it was only natural of them. Well, I'll tell you. I'm just the hardest working girl you know."

—HORACE SUTTON.

Although SRL's *travel department rarely gets to hear anything more musical than an off-key ocarina,* SRL's *music department does indeed hit the road for far-off places. The enclosed report on his peregrinations by the*

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conductor of the local space known as MUSIC TO MY EARS *arrived here as part of a general personal communique. It is reprinted for the interest of all hands.*

IF YOU HAVE a yen to go traveling, take my advice and stay away from the River Danube until the blue is visible through the red tape. To judge by the attitude of the Russians, crossing it is equivalent to moving beyond the Jordan and entering the Promised Land. Only they make it difficult *both* ways, realizing perhaps that after one has been in Vienna a while with them almost any other place *is* the Promised Land. Have you ever heard of a "gray card?" Probably not. It's what you get in London when you want to go to Vienna, across the Danube bridge at Linz controlled by the Russians. British citizens may not travel this way at all; they must go another route, two hours longer, by way of Semmering. Reason? None at all, mere Russian whimsicality.

When you finally get the gray card you look at it and wonder. It's gray, all right, and it bears the usual information—place of birth, citizenship, passport number, etc. As you embark its importance multiplies. "Got your gray card?" says a friend. "Carte grise?" says the man on the French side. By the time you get to Switzerland, it's more important than your American Express checks. They can be replaced, but not the gray card. Passing Salzburg, you clamp onto the gray card and trust it will not melt under your sweating palm. At Linz, four hours out of Vienna, a covey of American soldiers climb aboard as you verge on the end of our occupation zone. Suddenly, however, the size of the gray card's stature begins to diminish. For these boys are pfcs, and no more than eighteen years old. If that's all the importance our authorities attach to the gray card it can't be such a precious document. Sure enough, the Russians have kids, really, the equivalent of our pfcs, on their side. They look, but don't seem to read. Both sides, then hand it back and pass on.

In Vienna after a while you learn that the Russians and the gray cards are a fertile source of local humor. "They only count the stamps," says one. "I gave him mine upside down, and he didn't know the difference," says another. "They watch each other like hawks," says a third. "If the Americans put on sergeants they put on sergeants. If the Russians jump to colonels I suppose we'd have to answer with colonels too." Fortunately, they haven't, for it would seem that our colonels have something more important to do than count stamps on the gray card.

Nobody tells you, but you realize all along that you'd better have that gray card around when you leave Vienna, just in case. Sure enough, just when you're dropping off into a dull sleep after leaving Vienna at 23:57—they couldn't make it midnight; that would be too easy to remember—the train grinds to a halt. It's that beautiful blue Danube again, closely followed by a Russian soldier in a greenish khaki uniform. Apparently they observe child labor laws in the Russian Army, for the fellow on night duty is appreciably older than the ones we saw during the day. Not old, but just enough older to be more nasty. He flashes a searchlight in your face, slaps on the light, and rasps: "Dokumento?" (It sounds as if it were spelled that way, anyway.) You slip the stuff out from under the pillow, and he looks at it grimly, disappointed no doubt that it's the way it should be. Without so much as a "Thank you" he flips it back, bangs out the compartment (making sure that the door sticks open), and repeats the process next door.

I suppose I should be full of Vienna's musical glories, and indeed I am, fundamentally. But you have a feeling when you've left the place behind—after only a week—that you're deserting a good friend, leaving somebody you like to an uncertain future. Much has been done to repair bomb damage, and the work goes on unceasingly to make Vienna again what it was. What it was is visible, if only through a haze of damage and destruction; and it is even more tangible in the calm good nature of the people. But every so often you run into a parcel of Russians, parading in formation, or singing in unison as they march off to some kind of guard duty (what, I don't know, for most people are too busy drinking coffee and eating pastry to make trouble for anybody), and you have that uneasiness all over again. After all, they could make trouble if they wanted to, and who can tell when they might want to? But if you look closely at the awesome Red Army you find it mostly seventeenish; and you tend to the conclusion that the singing and the marching are designed to let people know their presence, just as the hideous hunk of statuary in the Stalinplatz to "The fallen heroes of the Red Army" is designed to make people aware of their past. It seems too simple to be the right answer, but it just might.

Yes, the Viennese (you soon learn there are no Austrians in Austria, only Viennese, Salzburgers, Tyrolese, and

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other insulated groups) are a likable people, and we liked them very much. I speak merely of the public sorts—shopkeepers, hotel people, streetcar conductors, etc.—since we weren't there long enough to meet many others. You have the feeling after a while that the place ought to be made a public preserve, out of bounds for wars and disputes, for you can hardly turn around without stumbling on a landmark. In fact, you get to joking about the Viennese propensity for putting up plaques, and suddenly realize that over the cafe table where you're sitting is a hunk of stuff making mention that here Franz von Suppe wrote the "Poet and Peasant" overture. *Then* you give up.

On the other hand, it is front page news for the Viennese afternoon papers when they change singers at the Opera for that night's performance—indicating either a woeful lack of real news, or a passionate desire for thousands who have no intention of going to the Opera to be in on everything that happens (even before it does.)

Assuming that the Russians behave no worse than they did from June 4 to 11, 1951, Vienna is a helluva tourist buy. Perhaps a lot of people won't want to go to all the trouble, but food is plentiful, delicious, and inexpensive; the shops are full of merchandise at really attractive prices; and the moon over the Rathaus shines as brightly as it did for Franz Joseph.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE OFFICIAL GUIDEBOOK AND MAP OF COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG. Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., Williamsburg, Va. Hard Cover, $1. *Soft, cloth binding* 50c. Williamsburg was the seat of government for Britain's largest colony in America, but it also became a training ground for the leaders of the Revolution. The concept of the individual and his due liberties was the subject for many debates by Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, all of whom were frequently at Williamsburg. The entire city, as everyone must know by now, has been restored in most faithful and meticulous manner by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and it appears very much the way it did in eighteenth-century days. After a brief account of the history of the place and the history of the restoration, the guide resorts to a simple device. It travels up one street and down the next, house by house, and in the story of the house and its original occupants is the story of Williamsburg. There is a large, handsome, colorful fold-up map tacked in the back.

THE NATIONAL PARKS: What They Mean to You and Me. By Freeman Tilden. Knopf. $5. Undoubtedly this is one of the best books on the National Parks issued in recent years. It is, in effect, a sketch of the twenty-eight National Parks and eighty-six National Monuments written with understanding, erudition, and wit. Mr. Tilden brings in anyone from Hamlet to Barnum to make his point—a rare quality for a naturalist—and touches of anecdotal humor are spread all over the book. In addition there is a frequent oasis of full-page photographs culled from a variety of files. To maintain the lively pace all the statistics for the tourist are kept out of the main body of the book and are given tabular form in the back: location of the park, area, and how to reach it.

—H. S.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH FOR MY NEIGHBOR *Muriel Bradley* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Jean Colman, loving her new California valley home, drops in on a neighbor—and finds murder. Friends become menaces and home is not home, as Lt. Garrett of Homicide pursues the killer.	Intelligent compounding of clues and suspects among believable, nice people, pleasant first-person narration. Solution not too exciting but will do.	Nice average going
LADIES' WON'T WAIT *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Hit-run murder on a Paris side street alerts British agent Kells. Beautiful lady about to talk gets bashed. Intrigue takes Kell from England to Continent, back and forth, until Russian-German plot emerges.	Arbitrary hodge-podge precariously strung on "I" view of Kells — a weak string because of rudimentary thought process and evasively cliché verbalisms.	Not top grade
THE GREEN PLAID PANTS *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Impulsive Emily and agreeable Henry, virtuoso NY decorators, come back from British project with famous pants of Prince Charlie. At Connecticut houseparty murder is guest, and the pants make new history.	Delightfully screwy, casually plausible. For once the scatterbrain female is charming and entertaining. Style has tension, wit, humanity.	Dry cocktail with best ingredients
AN APE IN VELVET *Rae Foley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	John Harland goes to resort-sanitarium to investigate the Terror demoralizing patients and townspeople with knife-slashing and ghostly flim-flam. He finally connects murder with accident through web of psychological aberration.	Intelligent, convincing tension. Stylistic skill, authentic local color, psychological realism give the abnormal normal effect. We nominate Harland, Detective of Distinction.	Stylish blood-chilling
CUT FOR PARTNERS *Eaton K. Goldwaite* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Always-gambler Calhoun (despite New England mother), now partner in successful Las Vegas "rendezvous," finds old prospector friend knifed and clues leading to his own club. With pretty reporter Sandy and hard-boiled policeman he traps murderer.	Criminalities of mining era and modern gangsterism neatly spliced. Authentic scene. Justified suspense.	Honest job
THE ALEUTIAN BLUE MINK *James M. Fox* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Johnny Marshall, private eye, has to track down glamour starlet's mink coat—and turns up a corpse on the way. Johnny gets roughed up — but finally shows the Los Angeles police the real criminals.	Bright, as usual, but a few too many complications before the main track of story gets going. Amusing toughie even if padded.	On your list if tough-school addict

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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SEA & SHORE

(Continued from page 19)

personal search for a workable peace and contentment, which, I suppose, is the theme of all serious writing, as of all thoughtful living. Like most artists —she was an actress before she married and became a writer, and you have to read of what she has done with her house to realize that her artistry carries over into the practical field of homemaking—Mrs. Graham is temperamental, in the sense that she is mercurial in spirit, easily exhilarated, as easily depressed. This is a quality that can make life a lot of fun; but it can also make life, especially life on a down-east farm in the middle of the drab winter months, very difficult. That is the time and place for stolidity. Mrs. Graham faces squarely and discusses honestly the factors of disposition and early background that have made adjustment a long, hard process. That she has adjusted and made a good life for herself and her family is obvious, and a matter of satisfaction for the reader.

Louise Dickinson Rich is the author of "We Took to the Woods," "Happy the Land," "The Start of the Trail," and other books about Maine.

Sea & Shore Notes

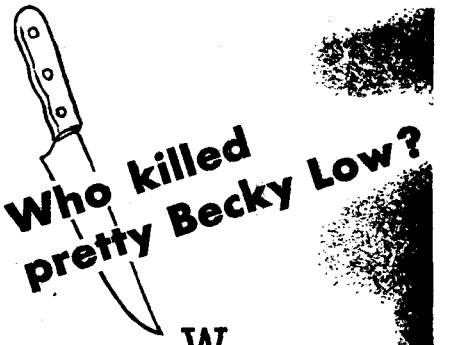
SHERMAN HOYT'S MEMOIRS. By C. Sherman Hoyt. Van Nostrand. $5. To the blue-water reader, of course, this book will be at least minor, perhaps major, scripture, for one can readily accept the jacket's description of Mr. Hoyt as "the world's best known yachtsman." The landlubber can enjoy it both because it opens a window on a colorful and fascinating seascape and also for its non-yachting autobiographical content. Mr. Hoyt got his calling-name from his Uncle Cump, who was no less redoubtable a figure than General William Tecumseh Sherman. As uncle and nephew were passing Grant's Tomb one day, the General paid a glowing and profane tribute to his chief and then roared at the boy, "Now, damn it, take off your hat!" (And when he passes Grant's Tomb Mr. Hoyt still does.) After graduating from Brown University in 1901 Hoyt became a naval architect, following a virtually world-wide course of training that makes interesting and non-technical reading peppered with glimpses of many notable personalities. He avoids the too common autobiographical pitfall of wisdom after the event, and this restraint gives his memoirs a refreshing validity. As for the yachting content, without writing down or translating his text into words of one syllable Mr. Hoyt expounds his art with an engaging lucidity that requires no special proficiency on the part of the reader. And if a wishbone rig appears baffling, there is a photograph, among many fine photographs, to tell all.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

MORE FISH TO FRY. By Beatrice Cook. Morrow. $3. The Pacific Northwest, particularly Mrs. Cook's part of it, which is the region surrounding the San Juan Islands, some seventy-five miles northwest of Seattle, is a wonderland for fishermen. Those who read her "Till Fish Us Do Part," which was a best seller two years ago, will know something about that. Now, perhaps on the proceeds of that happy book, the Cooks have built a summer place on Orcas Island, practically surrounded by salmon, big and little. Mrs. Cook has a gracefully exuberant way of writing about Dr. Bill, her fish-crazy husband, and her two boys, Cookie and Bob, who are as crazy about cats, dogs, seagulls, seals, and life in general as the Doctor is about fish. She makes their life in a half-finished home seem a riot of undisillusioned good will, a state of being which seems to pervade the entire region and its population and to extend even to the weather. It must be said that Mrs. Cook has done a lot more than write a book which will appeal to fishermen. Her story will appeal to anyone who has ever wanted life to be peaceful and natural and, at least for a decent interval, purposeless. The Cook family and the San Juan Islands come out of this narrative as equally solid and appealing. Even the reader who doesn't care anything at all for a salmon rod will be likely to end up feeling that he would be glad to know the Cooks and resolving to visit the San Juan Islands.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN.

—By W. B. Ricketts, from "More Fish to Fry."



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Music to My Ears

MUSIC IN GREENWICH MEAN TIME (2/4, 3/4, AND 4/4)

NAPLES.

THERE'S NO MUSIC in Naples in July, save that provided by the legato lap, lap of the water against the side of the loading *Independence*, the soft cantata of the breeze off the Mediterranean, the rising crescendo, to the eye, that meets a gaze turned on distant Vesuvius. The Teatro San Carlo is locked tympani-tight and the Piazza Piedigrotta is deserted this hot summer afternoon. No carolers carol "Santa Lucia" and even the local radio, when tuned in, affords not "O Sole Mio," but Richard Rodgers's "My Romance," *"cantare a Jane Wilson, orchestre di Fred Waring."*

That is all just as well, for ten weeks of hunting the elusive rondo through Europe has left this mind with a steamer trunk of impressions, which may well wait for landing to be sorted, catalogued, and filed away for future reference. But, like any steamer trunk, this one contains its major and its minor matters—and one scarcely need unlock it to recall those of the first category (in importance, that is, whatever the musical mode).

Composer of the year, whether in England or Austria, Holland or France, is undoubtedly Wolfgang A. Mozart. From Glyndebourne's sunny clime to the rockbound coast of Perpignan days and nights are made more abundant by the amenity and order of the sounds selected out of the blue so long ago by the master musician of them all. Tongues vary, diets (both solid and liquid) clash, customs follow their individual orbit, but when the baton raps and the down beat falls, Böhm and Busch, Kubelik and Casals are in wholesome agreement that "Let's have music" means "Let's have Mozart." You can count the great singers of today on one hand and the good ones on two, but the universal longing that exists for his kind of perfection is everywhere apparent. Nothing else can explain the incidence, in a tour not meant to have any such emphasis, of six operas, a dozen big orchestral works, and a liberal sprinkling of chamber music by the awesome son of Salzburg. No guide can lead you to his tomb, for none knows where his body is buried; but every opera house is his shrine, every concert hall his sanctuary.

No single tour could encompass all the interesting new voices to be heard in Europe today, but Rudolf Bing could make a spectacular bag for the Metropolitan's aviary were he to bring back alive (and in their present prime) Sena Jurinac, a fine Ilia in "Idomeneo" and a notable Fiordiligi in "Cosi fan tutte" at Glyndebourne; Lisa della Casa, an appealing Countess in "Figaro" at the same place; Erich Kunz and Anton Dermota, excellent as Papageno and Tamino in the Vienna "Zauberflöte"; and Christel Goltz, a versatile artist in various European centers. Alois Pernestorfer and George London we are soon to have, Paul Schoeffler, Hans Hotter, Genevieve Warner, *et al* we already know. There's not likely a better Beckmesser living than Benno Kusche, who made an uncommonly absorbing figure of this testy pedant at the Beecham "Meistersinger" in Covent Gardens. Were he and the venerable Ludwig Weber, who still sings a sounder Pogner than any artist since Alexander Kipnis, to be enrolled for the Metropolitan's forthcoming festival of song, there would be more than customary reason for describing Wagner's opera by the plural title, "Die Meistersinger." Irmgard Seefried and Elisabeth Schwartzkopf would be sweet singers by any name, but their present ones bear the charge of "enthusiastic" as well as "Nazi."

Money and music do not mix any more smoothly on the far side of the Atlantic than they do on the near. In England, for example, both the Hallé Orchestra and the Glyndebourne Opera—to mention the salient artistic enterprises of the two types that the island contains—would have foundered ere this year began save for succor from the Arts Council; and even the doughty disciple of individualism named Sir Thomas Beecham had to make a quiet appeal for similar aid when public response to the mammoth undertaking of Frederick Delius's "Mass of Life" lagged.

As the newest converts to the doctrine of community assistance the English are surprisingly cheerful about such matters, and even talk of rebuilding Queens' Hall sometime, if not for another ten years. This would superficially seem an indictment of the new Festival Hall, but only superficially; for the musical community had a firm commitment that the beloved site on upper Regent Street would not be slighted when it went along with the plans of the London County Council to develop the South Bank. A sizable quantity of private funds has already been subscribed for a memorial to the late Sir Henry Wood, and restoration of the building with which he was so long identified seems the best possible use of it.

In Vienna work proceeds on reconstruction of the majestic Staats-Oper on the Ring. To the lay eye the process seems inordinately deliberate, but the massive roof has now been wholly replaced and the exterior restored to something like its former grandeur at the expenditure of fifty million schillings ($2,000,000 by current reckoning). Inside, there are only vague conformations to separate stage from auditorium; but when the Viennese tell you about the three-levels of scenic elevators that will begin where Radio City Music Hall leaves off, you can almost see a glamorous new opening "Rosenkavalier" rising out of the cellar.

The mood of optimism passes with the first load of Russians en route to guard duty, and you sometimes wonder whether the damage of the last war will be repaired before the destruction of the next begins. The Viennese seem content to leave such forebodings to visiting Americans while getting on, in their own way, with the job. In the Bay of Naples, where man has survived both Vesuvius and Pompeii, such hope seems better founded than in most other places. —IRVING KOLODIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 425

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 425 will be found in the next issue.

IPPG ONBMNJ HFUN IPPG

BNTISLPYJ.

—YPLNYX OYPJX.

Answer to Crypt No. 424

A philosophic faith, being a tendency to action, can be tried and tested only in action.

—JOHN DEWEY.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND OTHER STORIES *Lewis Carroll* (Pocket: 25¢)	The complete text of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," "Puzzles from Wonderland," and seven cantos of "Phantasmagoria." All ninety-two of Sir John Tenniel's immortal drawings are reproduced.	Read and keep.
DECISION BEFORE DAWN (CALL IT TREASON) *George Howe* (Pocket: 35¢)	Three German prisoners of war employed by U. S. Army Intelligence are dropped behind the lines to carry out sabotage activities. Winner of the Christopher Award for 1949.	Tense, skilfully told spy yarn, distinguished for its psychological insight.
FLAMINGO ROAD *Robert Wilder* (Bantam: 35¢)	The rise of Lane Ballou from traveling circus to gubernatorial mansion played against a background of Florida state and local politics.	Rattling good romance with strong masculine appeal. Climax a bit improbable.
FOLLOW ME DOWN *Shelby Foote* (Signet: 25¢)	The case of a middle-aged, married, religious farmer who runs off with a teen-aged girl, murders her, comes home to face the music, as seen through nine pairs of eyes.	A bit repetitious and diffuse, but shrewdly observed. New novelist Foote holds high promise.
FOMBOMBO *T. S. Stribling* (Penguin: 50¢)	Typical American hustler bent on selling arms and ammunition to Venezuelan revolutionists, circa 1923, falls in love with the leader's wife, participates in a battle or two, and grows up a bit in the process.	Exciting, amusing adventure yarn leavened with some acid comment on American babbittry.
I'LL BE RIGHT HOME, MA *Henry Denker* (Popular: 25¢)	A slum boy, product of an unhappy marriage, attains ring glory and the name Killer Callagan through a lethal punch. When paralysis strikes his right arm he is able to straighten out some kinks in his life.	Authentic stuff: raw, resinous, and rich in the jargon of the fight mob.
MRS. CANDY AND SATURDAY NIGHT *Robert Tallant* (Popular: 25¢)	Mrs. Candy, a New Orleans roominghouse keeper, acts on the suggestion made by her husband's ghost that she stage a grand party one warm summer night, with pleasant consequences for many of the guests.	Diverting whimsey for hammock reading. Convivial, rowdy, irreverent.
NOBODY LIVES FOREVER *W. R. Burnett* (Bantam: 25¢)	A variation of the old confidence game as practised by a handsome swindler on a wealthy widow.	Colorful characters, toughly realistic situation depicted in a slick, lean style.
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A STRETCH ON THE RIVER *Richard Bissell* (Signet: 25¢)	A fictionalized account of the rough, tough, bawdy life aboard a towboat plying the upper reaches of the Mississippi.	First-rate yarns expertly told: exciting, varied, truthful. For Mark Twain fans.
THE UNFORESEEN *Dorothy Macardle* (Bantam: 25¢)	An Irish widow's power to foresee events brings tragedy to her loved ones.	Characters well drawn, background beautifully pictured. Fine summer reading.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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NINE-TENTHS DRUDGERY, ONE-TENTH PURE RAPTURE

(*Continued from page 7*)

tralia, production of "The Front Page" was a "wow." Casey said the boys Down Under called it "just like our own press room." Returning to *The Times* leader, it also observed that newspapermen were "obviously ironically" dubbed "gentlemen of the Press."

The Times notwithstanding, not all politicians have thought so badly of newspapers and newspapermen. Jefferson wrote: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter." Later Theodore Roosevelt paid this tribute to the craft: "In our country I am inclined to think that almost, if not quite, the most important profession is that of the newspaperman." It was heartening to newspapermen that a Washington correspondent, Blair Moody of *The Detroit News,* was recently appointed to the Senate to fill the vacancy left by the death of Arthur Vandenberg. I wonder how many know Mr. Vandenberg entered the Senate in the very same way: he was editor of the Grand Rapids *Herald* in 1928 when named to continue the unexpired term of another Senator. Let us not forget, too, that a great British statesman was once a war correspondent and, as he himself has said, the highest paid in the business. The *Morning Post* sent Winston Churchill at twenty-four to cover the Boer War at a salary of £250 a month and all expenses.

IN AMERICA today the link between politics and the press is closer than ever. Our Government has recognized the necessity of recruiting trained men and women from the news fields for the hard-hitting jobs that have to be done. Edward W. Barrett left *Newsweek* to become Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. Many expert newspapermen have been loaned to the Government for limited periods. Barry Bingham of *The Louisville Courier-Journal,* who served as Naval public-relations officer during the war, was Chief of the ECA Mission to France for a year. Roscoe Drummond of *The Christian Science Monitor* is the Marshall Plan information chief in Europe, and still finds time to write occasionally for his paper.

However, again taking issue with *The Times* leader writer, journalists still sometimes get a raw deal in life as well as literature. An indignant letter appeared in *The Times,* a few days before the leader, bewailing the difficulties of provincial journalists in covering railway news, due to the fact that all information must come from a central office. The letter said: "On Wednesday, April 18, there was a serious railway accident at Peterborough resulting in the deaths of two local residents. A press photographer and reporter from a newspaper *(Peterborough Citizen and Advertiser)* owned by my company were sent to the scene of the calamity. Before they could reach anyone in authority to say what they wanted a railway police officer ordered them away and threatened them with arrest. The photographer, having obtained permission from the owner, entered some private property from which he could see the scene of the accident. A railway policeman climbed through the fence on to the private property, confiscated the camera and photographic plates, and prevented the photographer using a private telephone to communicate with his editor."

Journalism is—or should be— a challenge to the men and women who practise it. We may differ in our concepts of what makes news. William Allen White wrote: "The question that comes to every man running a newspaper is: What is news? That he must settle for himself, and having found a rule must stick as closely to it as possible." Once he determines that what he is after is legitimate news, news the world is entitled to read, nothing under heaven or earth will stop your real newspaperman from getting it.

War has taken a heavy toll of the lives of newspapermen. One of the best loved was Ernie Pyle, who pioneered by introducing an entirely new note into war reporting. He left the grand strategy to others; he lived and suffered with the GIs, and so his dispatches came alive in a way no others have done before or since. It was in the last war that the distaff side of journalism really hit its stride for the first time. Newspaperwomen today are far from merely being sob sisters; they can hold their own with any of the men, even on the war fronts. As one of them (Genevieve Forbes Herrick of the *Chicago Tribune*) has said, typewriters are sexless.

The twentieth century has seen many changes in the profession. "The old-time city room," says H. L. Mencken, "in truth, was a poor school, and I say so with melancholy who graduated from it and still look back upon it with great affection. It was full of pleasant fellows, but the majority of them were bad journalists, for what they mistook for professional knowledge was simply a huge accumulation of useless facts. They had the minds of railway mail clerks." In 1923 I moved on from the *Yonkers Statesman* to Mencken's own *Baltimore Sun,* but I found no men with minds of railway clerks in its city room then.

The highlight of my own nearly three decades of journalism came one day in 1946 when a once fat Nazi field marshal, Goering by name, took the stand in a Nuremberg courtroom. Other landmarks stand out through the years: My chance arrival at an American bomber base in England and learning from the C.O. it was the eve of D-Day. The night I stood on Parliament Hill and watched fires blazing throughout London in the wake of the robot weapons. A letter on 10 Downing Street stationery about a piece on the wartime Prime Minister. Paris after the liberation, a sad city with no public transport and very little to eat. Postwar Vienna, occupied by four powers, an island in a Soviet sea, where daily on my way to work I passed a house wherein Franz Schubert was born and another in which Beethoven died. An eightieth birthday interview with G.B.S., still spry enough to scale the heights of Malvern Beacon. A meeting with a lowly member of the Royal Air Force who once was known as Lawrence of Arabia. And the night in 1927 that Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget. Of such is the pure rapture of journalism compounded.

Thurston Macauley has been in Europe the past three years as news chief of the Army's Blue Danube Network in Vienna and in the information service of the ECA Missions to France and the United Kingdom. Beside the newspapers mentioned in his article, he has worked for The New York Times *in New York and London, for the New York* Sun, Newsweek, *and International News Service in New York, and as a foreign correspondent in Europe.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 906)

STUART CHASE:
ROADS TO AGREEMENT
(*Foreword*)

A recent poll by Elmo Roper asked Americans, *"Why send the children to high school?"* The largest vote was, of course, *"To get them ready for a job."* But next came, *"To teach them to get along better with other people."* This is encouraging. . . .

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BIG BRAHMS		
BRAHMS: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D. Ossy Renardy; Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Munch. London LLP 1	▶ Orchestra has a fine, rich sound with expected close-to string edge. Soloist is disturbingly close to mike; well balanced as to volume, but off in perspective.	A big, ponderous performance, the more majestic parts excellent, the last movement gluey. Renardy's fiddle is mellifluous not very accurate.
BRAHMS: PIANO CONCERTO #2. Elly Ney; Berlin Philharmonic, Max Fiedler. Decca DL 9536	▶ An old prewar recording, extraordinarily good for its age—quite wide-range, the piano big and natural, if sometimes a bit peaky. Fine job of LP transferal, breaks neatly disguised. Highish surface noise.	An extraordinary performance—majestic, but with a soaring lightness of phrase, a cleanness and accuracy seldom heard. Ney, a big woman pianist, is fully up to the job. A top item for the LP Brahms collection.
BRAHMS: SYMPHONY #4. Berlin Philharmonic, De Sabata. Decca DL 9516	▶ A highly satisfactory sound, with excellent overall balance, more at a distance than the London recording above.	Parts of this are fine enough, but too much is glutinous—the sobbing "Tchaikovsky" technique misapplied to Brahm's squarely structural themes, here unctuously rounded.
BRAHMS AND SEMI-BRAHMS		
BRAHMS: CHORAL SONGS (TEN FOLK SONGS; FIVE SONGS, OP. 104; "DARTHULAS GRABESGESANG." Phila. Choral Ensemble, Fleetwood. Allegro AL 92	▶ Brahms's style sense was as accurate as Mozart's. The folk-songs here are simply harmonized as befits the simple tunes; they are warmly and accurately sung. But the choral "art" songs, perhaps the most difficult of their kind ever written, though easy in vocal line and highly "singable," use a concentrated harmonic language full of chromatic and enharmonic colorings that need sure and quick ears such as few singers boast. Like others, this chorus, in spite of excellent style, phrasing, ensemble, falls down badly; the harmonies are simply not heard by the group and the musical sense flounders. When will we train our ears as well as our voices!	
BRAHMS: SERENADE #1 IN D, OP. 11. Bamberg Symphony, Heger. Mercury MG 10076	▶ Distant-miked, with big-orchestra sound; this would be better with close-to, chamber-orchestra sound. Otherwise fine. Very sharp pre-emphasis in highs.	Straightforward, enthusiastic early Brahms, most attractive; a vigorous performance, somewhat covered over by rather distant recording.
BRAHMS (?): PIANO TRIO IN A. W. Huebner, vl.; E. Harand, cello; F. Holletschek, pf. Westminster WL 5058	▶ Discovered in 1942 minus title page and with a question mark on the cover, this is presumed by internal evidence to be a companion (as so often) to the Op. 8 Trio in B, though the latter was extensively rewritten later. No proof—you may do your own surmising! It certainly sounds like the early Brahms (1853 or so), an exuberant, long-winded, full-blooded work with the typical Schumann-like melodies, the high-pitched crashing piano chords. Nicely played, beautifully recorded, and a tricky challenge for anyone's guessing.	
DIETRICH - BRAHMS - SCHUMANN: VIOLIN SONATA ("FREI ABER EINSAM"). S. Bakman, violin; I. Karr, piano. Golden Music Soc. GMS 1201 (½)	▶ Another challenge for your ear. Dietrich (an obscure Schumann student), Brahms (twenty-year-old Schumann disciple), and S. himself wrote this for Joachim. My ear says Dietrich is fluent, imitative, convincing but essentially dull—still he keeps up well with the two Big Names! B. writes a vigorous scherzo (bit like Serenade #1), Schumann two longer, clearly more mature movements. Performance, alas, is dull though recording is excellent.	
BRAHMS: VIOLIN SONATA #3 IN D MINOR. Heifetz, Kapell. RCA Victor LM 71	▶ An old-fashioned sound, the violin prominent, the piano definitely accompaniment. No bass.	Honey in the violin, hard steel in the piano—an intense but ill-matched performance, stylistically unbalanced.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FOR RENT: modern 2-bath, screened studio, with patio and porch. Furnished. Mile-high in desert, 3 kilometers from Saltillo, Mexico. Box 652-H.

QUIET COUNTRY HOME near Stanford University, to share with serious writer. Terms flexible. Box 645-H.

MALE, single, 31, presently employed salesman, men and boys shop. Employer intolerable. Open to offers, suggestions or advice. Box 637-H.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS, quiet, sensitive, artistic temperament, invite male correspondence. Box 638-H.

WRITER, wants staff job or free-lance; creative, editorial, advertising, or public relations. Experienced, versatile. NYC. Box 639-H.

GENTLEMAN, young, personable, planning extensive auto trip to Mexico early Sept., seeks congenial travel companion. Box 640-H.

EASYGOING GALS, GUYS, ahoy! Extrovert engineer envisions epistles! Box 643-H.

LADY, idealist, modest, would like to correspond with older gentleman similarly inclined. Box 644-H.

WOMAN INTERIOR DECORATOR considering business partner in allied field. Box 631-H.

IRREVERENT MALE welcomes correspondence modern miss. Box 632-H.

LONELY young professional gentleman seeks interesting correspondence and understanding with lonely female. Box 633-H.

NOT OVERLY BRIGHT but very sentimental. Would like to hear from a kind lady. Box 634-H.

GENTLEMAN would like to correspond with lady interested in helping develop summer theater in Tidewater, Virginia. Box 635-H.

LADY loves books and sun, invites gentleman to exchange views. Box 636-H.

MATURE MAN SHORTAGE here. Correspondence would offset mightily. Box 604-H.

VENEZUELAN TEACHER AND WRITER desires correspondence from any of his American colleagues. Box 654-H.

LADY, do you know the cure for mail box trouble? Male artist with penchant for travel would reciprocate. Box 655-H.

FOR SALE: Used custom built Scott radio, excellent condition, Garrard record player, 20 symphonic albums, 78 RPM. Call: NYC, INdependence 3-3535.

YOUNG SURGEON desires ultra-feminine correspondent with diversified talents. Box 657-H.

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YOUNG but intrepid male desires *stimulating correspondence.* Box 661-H.

EDITORIAL HELP NEEDED to boil down, brighten up, picture book manuscript. New York and vicinity residents only. Box 662-H.

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? News highlights, *popular songs, typical* prices, dozens of fascinating events. Colorful 8 x 10 scroll. Name inscribed. Treasured birthday, anniversary, baby gift. Any date since 1865. Only $2. Money-back privilege. 5-day service. Free sample. BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-J, Wall St. Station, NYC.

BRITISH NURSE, 27, westbound England—NYC, offers companionship or chaperonage for invalids or children. Box 664-H.

MATURE, highly cultured European woman, linguist, loving art, simple life, invites correspondence. Box 665-H.

WANTED: *Educated girl liking sailing,* swimming, music and tropical living. Box 666-H.

WHAT DO YOU THINK when you see "please omit flowers"? Box 667-H.

SUBLET, Sept.-Feb., spacious Greenwich Village 5-room apartment. Piano, television. $125. Box 668-H.

VACATIONS

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Charming private lake — delight of swimmers, rowers and fishermen.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Noted family of actors; descendants on the stage now (1853-1927).	74 148 39 62
B. Fortified entrenchment between early England and Wales (2 wds.).	15 83 142 50 72 28 70 116 150
C. A venom-dripping hall for murderers and perjurors in Niflheim (Norse myth.).	47 44 64 155 174 186 53 106
D. Moonflower whose alkaline juice is used to coagulate latex.	88 76 165 27 184 37
E. Quiet country on hither side of River of Death, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (3 wds.).	51 75 89 149 77 40 162 3 147 112 166 107
F. A piece of chamber furniture.	129 4 68 91 35 73 170
G. Battle, 1709, between Sweden and Russia, marking the rise of Russia.	136 71 42 152 11 36 169
H. French painter of conventional country dances, etc. (1684-1721).	109 104 180 59 7 161 133
I. Covered with fine sand or small spots of color (zool.).	153 25 13 146 143 63 34 122
J. Cast a sidelong, malign look at one.	69 145 94 49 130 175
K. To liberate (3 wds.).	100 126 132 182 82 43 97 103 121 29
L. Most unlike.	159 92 21 135 181 48 17 139
M. A leader in a large nation of the world.	12 54 118 67 41

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. London tavern popular among Elizabethan dramatists (old sp.).	16 10 124 86 46
O. Scene of a conference of "The Big Three", World War II.	164 85 115 123 66
P. Civil War battle in which Confederate Gen. A. S. Johnston was slain.	188 2 127 137 173 98
Q. Choleric.	105 65 52 95 6 80 160 111 84
R. "Apostle of the Indies," who helped to found Jesuit order, 1534.	179 138 79 32 58 134
S. Common European birds, often kept in cages.	61 93 114 177 19 110 187 81 125 144 154
T. Two peaks in Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia, 3875 and 4001 feet high.	18 20 1 119 128
U. Meshwork.	30 5 23 56 96 131 45
V. Those who have a legal right to suffrage.	167 176 117 22 38 33
W. Concerns (noun or verb).	135 151 113 171 158 90 141 9 55
X. To stop; leave off (slang; with "it").	183 24 108 99 156 168
Y. Battle named in campaign slogan of ninth President of the U. S.	31 60 8 157 140 172 101 78 14 26
Z. Full of sandbars and such.	87 57 178 163 102 120

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

								1 T	2 P	3 E		4 F	5 U	6 Q	7 H	8 Y	9 W	10 N						
11 G	12 M			13 I	14 Y	15 B	16 N	17 L			18 T	19 S		20 T	21 L	22 V		23 U						
24 X	25 I	26 Y	27 D			28 B	29 K	30 U	31 Y	32 R	33 V	34 I	35 F		36 G	37 D	38 V							
39 A		40 E	41 M	42 G	43 K			44 C		45 U	46 N	47 C	48 L	49 J	50 B	51 E								
52 Q	53 C	54 M	55 W	56 U	57 Z	58 R	59 H	60 Y	61 S		62 A	63 I	64 C			65 Q	66 O							
67 M	68 F	69 J	70 B		71 G	72 B	73 F	74 A		75 E		76 D	77 E	78 Y	79 R	80 Q								
81 S	82 K		83 B	84 Q	85 O	86 N	87 Z		88 D	89 E	90 W	91 F	92 L	93 S	94 J	95 Q								
96 U	97 K		98 P	99 X	100 K		101 Y	102 Z	103 K	104 H	105 Q	106 C		107 E	108 X									
109 H	110 S	111 Q	112 E		113 W	114 S	115 O	116 B		117 V	118 M	119 T	120 Z		121 K	122 I								
123 O		124 N	125 S	126 K	127 P	128 T		129 F	130 J	131 U	132 K	133 H	134 R	135 L		136 G								
137 P	138 R	139 L	140 Y	141 W		142 B	143 I	144 S	145 J		146 I	147 E	148 A		149 E	150 B								
151 W	152 G	153 I	154 S	155 C	156 X		157 Y	158 W	159 L	160 Q	161 H	162 E	163 Z	164 O		165 D								
166 E	167 V	168 X		169 G		170 F	171 W	172 Y	173 P	174 C	175 J		176 V	177 S		178 Z								
179 R	180 H	181 L	182 K	183 X	184 D	185 W	186 C	187 S	188 P															

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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This is Don Quinn, wonderfully warm and brilliant writer-creator of THE HALLS OF IVY. He's thoroughly familiar with the Puckish pranks of Fibber McGee; equally at home with the vibrant humor of

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